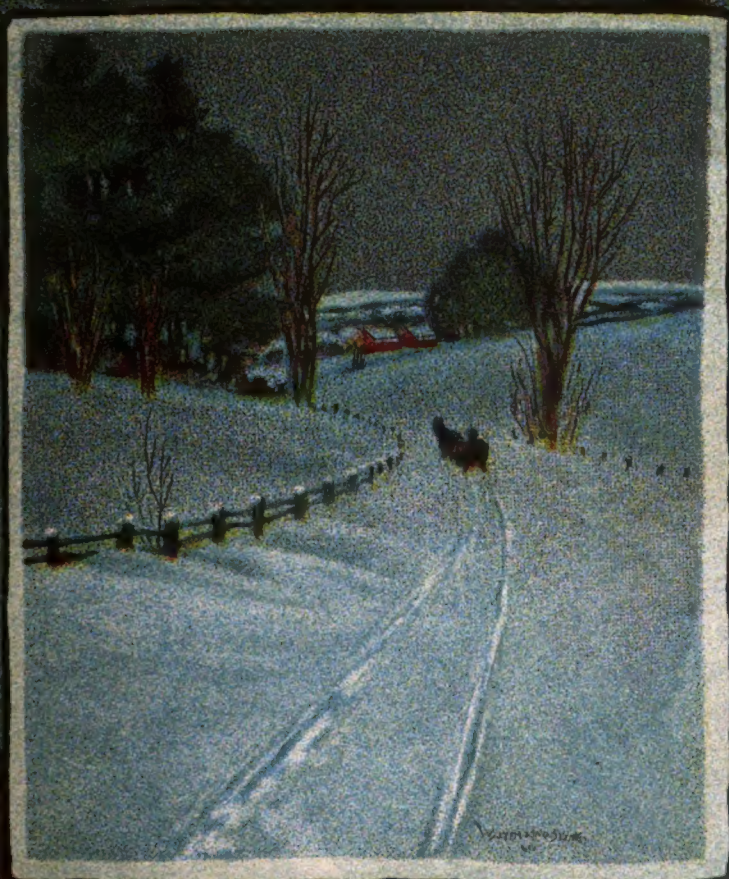


Everybody's Magazine

February



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John Wanamaker Publisher

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SAPOLIO

FOR HOUSEWORK



The makers of *Sapolio* (a product that through special merit has gained more friends than any other household commodity in the world) call attention to its sister product, *Hand Sapolio*, of equal merit in *its* special sphere, the Toilet and Bath. It is a pure soap, a necessity to those whose hands become frequently stained, yet equally desirable for general daily use, from the delicate-skinned baby to the romping school-boy.

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HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH



Illustrating "A Lasso Duel."

"IT WAS TO BE A LASSO DUEL TO THE DEATH."

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1902

No. 2



By C. H. Townsend

Of the United States Fish Commission.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES, SOME OF WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

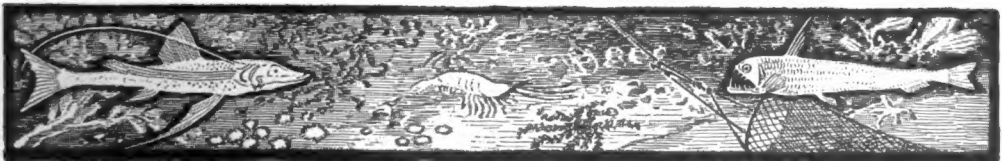
[Mr. Townsend is one of the leading American authorities on submarine exploration. An attaché of the United States Fish Commission, he participated in both trips of the *Albatross*, and represented the United States Government in the Bering Sea seal controversy. This article will be followed by "A Prince of Deep Sea Science," which details the marine investigations of the Prince of Monaco.—EDITOR.]



The deep-sea discoveries of the past quarter of a century have been the most important additions to the natural knowledge of this planet since the great voyages of Columbus and Magellan," said Sir John Murray, the distinguished oceanographer, in a recent address to the British Association.

No greater field for investigation is offered this golden age of science than that lying in the depths of the sea. New species are found every time the dredges are sent down, and vast tracts of the ocean floor have never yet been touched by sounding wire or dredging cable. Many animals have as yet been taken in only one locality, and all the dredge hauls that have been made represent only a few faint dots in the immensity of the sea.

Imagine the *Albatross* floating in the middle Pacific dragging her small beam trawl three miles below, the land a thousand miles away in any direction. How faint a scratch





"TEN BUSHELS OF CRABS AND STARFISH DROPPED INTO THE TABLE-SIEVE FROM THE DREDGE-NET OF THE *ALBATROSS*."

must her scientific plough make on the boundless fields so far beneath; yet in the two hundred and fifty publications relating to explorations conducted in her, more than two thousand species and three hundred genera are described as new to science.

No huge monsters from ocean's depths have yet rewarded the zeal of the sea ex-

plorers. An airship sailing a mile above the land, dragging a ten-foot-wide dredge on the surface of the earth would also have little chance of getting anything but the smallest and slowest animals; the largest animals on land could not be taken in it, and most creatures would scarcely be so stupid as to enter it. It is improbable, however, that large animals lying on the muddy floor of the ocean possess the shyness or wariness of land animals, and the chances for the capture of startling forms at great depths will increase with the development of larger machines of capture and the power to handle them.

For the capture of the smaller sea animals, however, the beam trawl is an excellent device. Just north of where Bogoslof volcano stands smoking in the Bering Sea, the trawl was dropped in seventeen hundred fathoms, and caught eight hundred *macrurus*

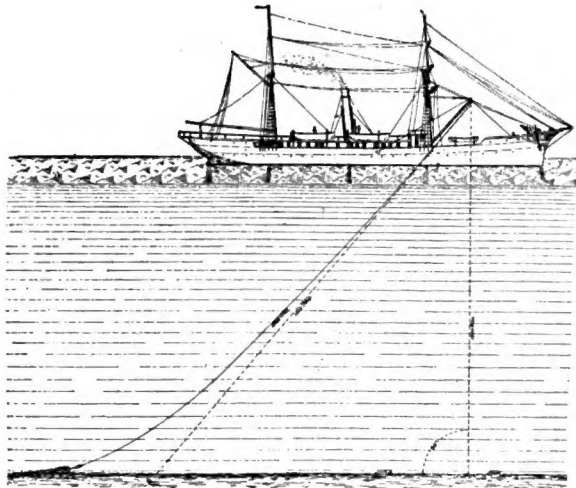


"WHEN THE DREDGE IS COMING UP, THE NATURALISTS GATHER ALONG THE RAIL TO SEE WHAT WILL APPEAR. THE CREW ARE THERE, THE OFFICERS COME FORWARD, AND THE FIREMEN CRAWL UP FROM BELOW."

—typical deep-sea fishes—at a single haul!

During the cruise of the *Albatross* in the South Pacific last year, specimens of animal life were taken near the Tonga Islands, as deep as four and a half miles, three hundred fathoms deeper than dredge had ever dragged before. These animals were living in a temperature within two degrees of the freezing point and under a water-pressure of over four and a half tons to the square inch.

More than half of the ocean floor lies at depths of over two miles, while many parts of it are four or five miles below the surface. The floor of the ocean has, like the land, its elevations and depressions; some of the lofty mountain peaks of islands are vastly higher than they appear to be from sea level, because their



"NEW SPECIES ARE FOUND EVERY TIME THE DREDGES ARE SENT DOWN."

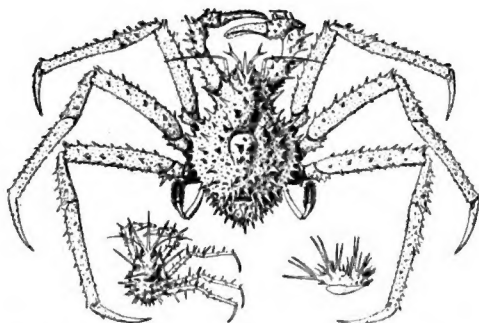


LOWERING THE BEAM TRAWL FROM THE ALBATROSS.

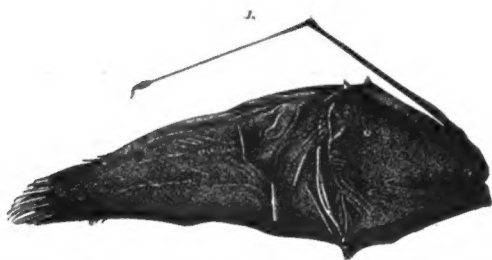
bases rest upon the ocean floor. The volcano of Mauna Kea in the Pacific is nearly twice as lofty as it seems to be, since it stands in an oceanic basin three miles deep. The sounding made last year by the United States cable ship *Nero* in the western Pacific, the deepest ever recorded, was 5,269 fathoms, or nearly six miles. From the elevation of the loftiest mountain peak to the depth of the deepest sea the vertical distance is more than ten miles, and the sea is deeper than the land is high. The Pacific Ocean contains half of the water of the globe, and is in general deeper than other oceans. It has been estimated that if all the land on the globe above sea-level were shovelled into the Pacific, it would fill only one-seventh of it. Surely here is the "Dark Continent" for the discoverer of the future.



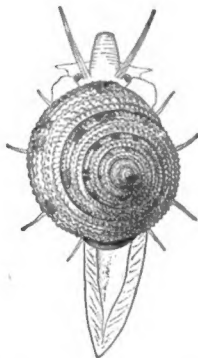
THE TOWNSEND SUBMARINE NET FOR TOWING AT INTERMEDIATE DEPTHS.



The big scarlet *Lithodes* crab is found between 843 and 1,255 fathoms deep.



Coal-black *Doloptichthys*; an Angler with a Luminous Fishing-rod.



Calliostoma, a living shell from half a mile depth, a little over half an inch in diameter.



Sea-anemone from deep water: shut and open. When open it is sometimes a foot across.

European governments have sent out many dredging expeditions, and the United States has been at work for years. The National Fish Commission has made nearly two thousand dredgings and six thousand soundings with the *Albatross* alone.

Her vast marine collections have been distributed for study in universities and museums throughout the world, and the name of the ship is well known in the world of science.

Mention should be made of the important contribution to deep-sea knowledge by the

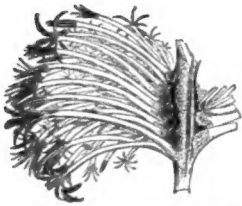


Life at Half a Mile Deep.

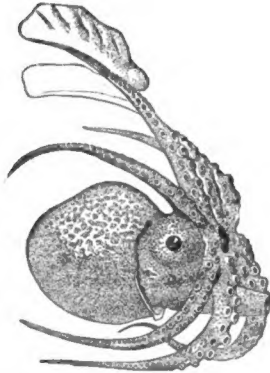


Life at Three-quarters of a Mile Deep.

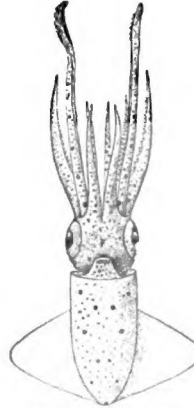
ALONG THE SLOPE OF THE OCEAN BED.



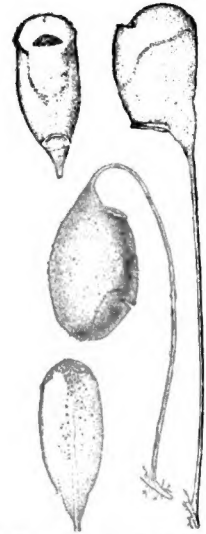
Benthophilum, with Blood-red, Flower-like Polyps, from one thousand fathoms.



This Argonaut is not a deep-sea specimen.



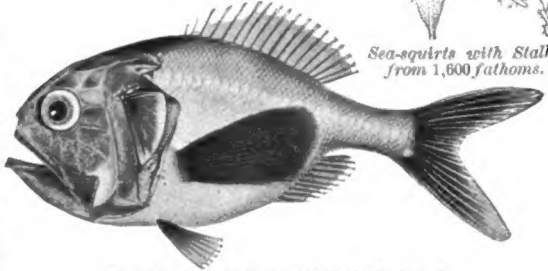
Deep-water Squid.



Sea-squirrels with Stalks, from 1,600 fathoms.

Prince of Monaco, who has for many years employed his fine steam yacht in marine exploration. The work is presumably maintained from the revenues of Monte Carlo, and it is interesting to see the profits of the world's greatest gambling establishment devoted to scientific investigations.

The surface of the sea nearly everywhere bears an abundance of minute animal life, consisting of fishes, crustaceans, shells, foraminifera, pteropods, and other forms. Sometimes they are so



The Gorgeous Yellow and Red Hoplostethus.

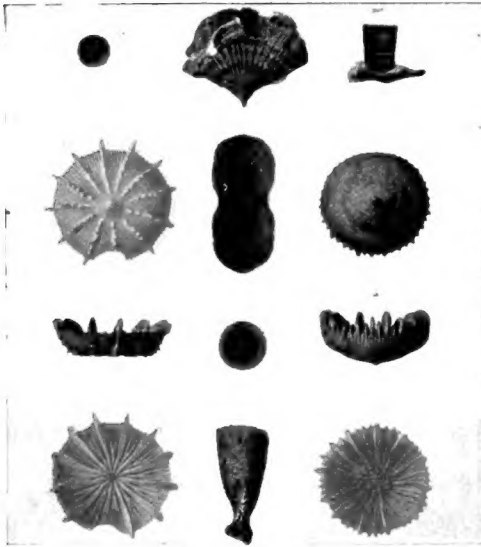
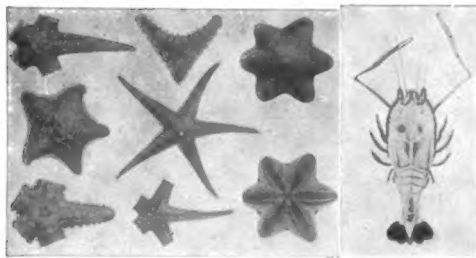
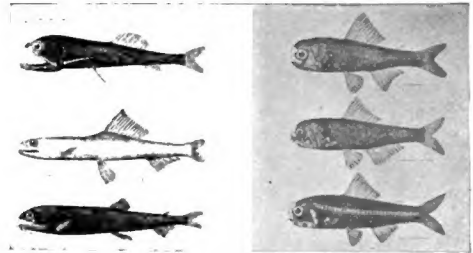


Life at One Mile Deep.



Life at Two Miles Deep.

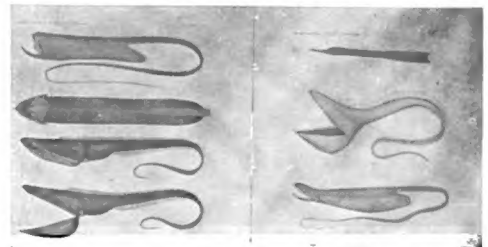
ALONG THE SLOPE OF THE OCEAN BED.

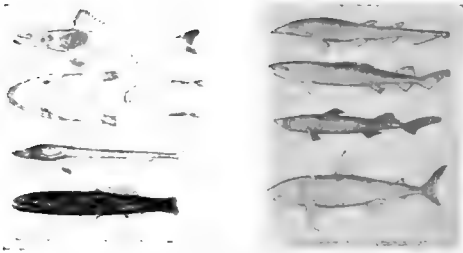
*Deep-sea Corals.**Starfishes of Various Colors.**Bright-colored Crustacean.**The Umbrella Squid.**Deep-sea Shanks and Phosphorescent Fishes.*

extremely abundant that a single dip of the hand-net will bring up hundreds of individuals of a single species. On bright, calm days this surface or pelagic life, as it is called collectively, is found close to the surface. In rough weather it sinks some distance, keeping below the waves. It is these small surface creatures that make the phosphorescence of the sea, and on dark, still nights the sea glitters with their light. The ship makes shining waves in passing through them, and leaves a luminous trail in her wake.

If the ship be stopped on a calm day, surface animals are easily collected with dip-nets, and by towing large surface-nets, with closely woven linings of bolting cloth, very slowly through the water, great quantities can be obtained. Some of the most abundant of the surface forms are the minute foraminifera or spore-bearers, and the shell-bearing pteropods. The almost microscopic surface creatures are constantly dying, and forever falling like rain upon the ocean floor, their remnants becoming the food of the smaller animals dwelling there.

The surface of the sea has its streams and rivers, but they only affect the great depths in distributing the surface life. Huge currents like the Gulf Stream carry the surface animals of the tropics into colder waters, where they die and are soon deposited upon the bottom. For this reason

*Deep-sea Fishes, partly from the "Albatross."*

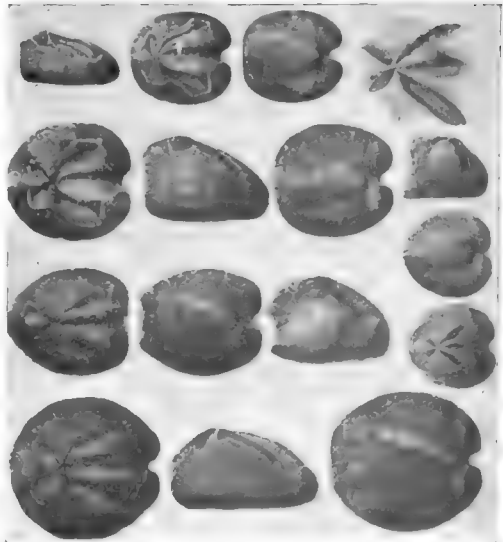


Deep-sea Shanks and Phosphorescent Fishes.

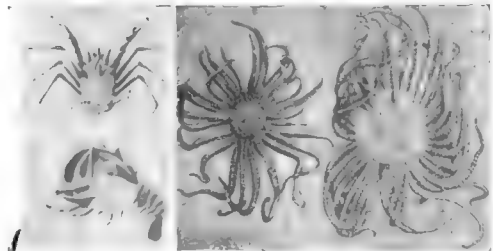
dredging in the more northerly track of the Gulf Stream yields more material than is found in the depths entirely away from its influence, and the best dredging is to be had in regions outside of the tropics, where the largest numbers of surface animals are killed by the mixture of warm and cold currents.

A considerable part of the ocean bed, away from the continental slopes, is covered not only with loose deposits of the remains of surface animals, but with the varying degrees of ooze and slime and mud accumulating through ages. Its inhabitants swim just above the ocean floor or hide in the soft bottom amid the disintegrated *débris* that has gradually settled in the deeps. The deposits are generally referred to three groups: Those of the continental slopes are called *terrigenous* deposits, derived from the land through the wearing action of rivers, tides, and currents. These coast-wise deposits are the blue or green muds, the coral or volcanic muds, and are characteristic of the adjacent land slopes from which they are derived.

Farther off shore or beyond the continental slopes, we lose the deposits formed by mechanical action, and find those known as *pelagic* deposits, made up of dead marine organisms from the surface, the minute surface creatures to which we have already referred. Here we find diatom, radiolarian, or globigerina oozes, which depend respec-

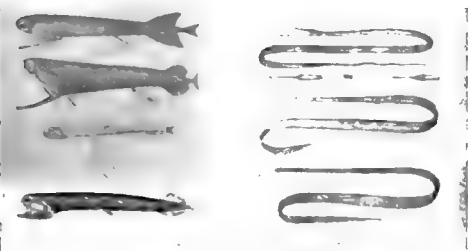


Purple-red Sea-urchins by the Bushel.

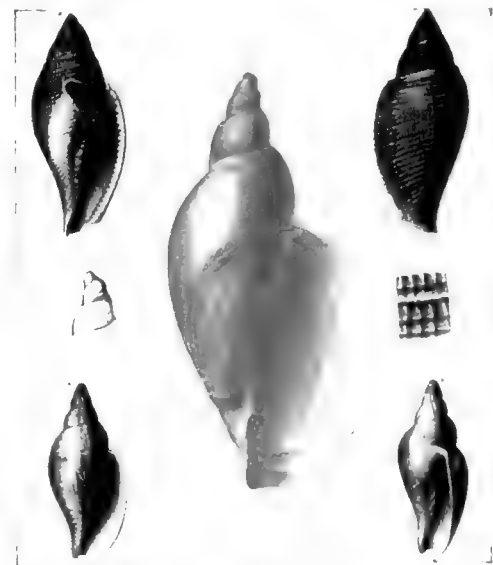


Bright-colored Crustaceans.

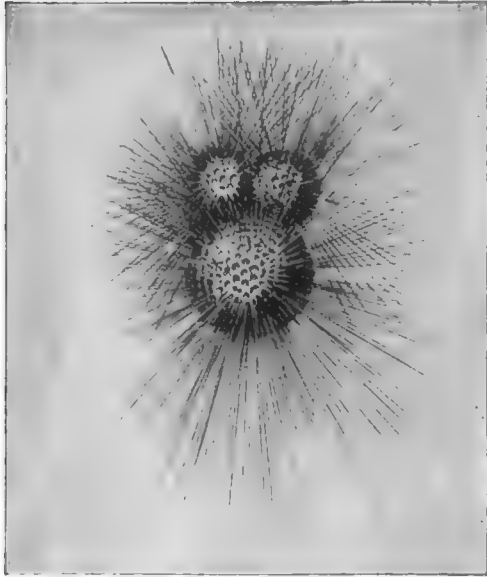
Deep-sea Starfishes.



Deep-sea Fishes, partly from the "Albatross."



Shells from Sixteen Hundred Fathoms.



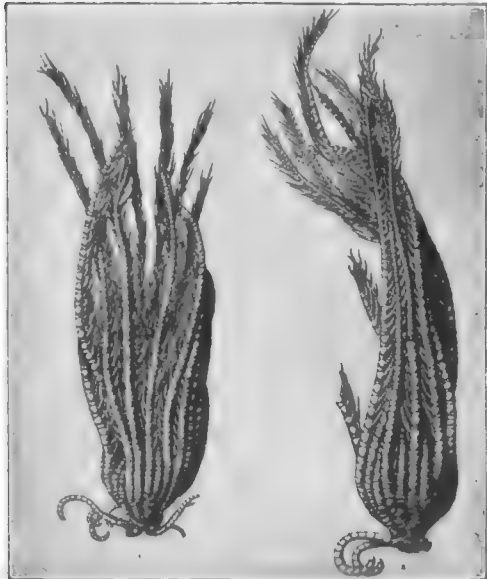
tively upon the character of the surface life prevailing above them.

Beyond these, in the deeper parts of the ocean, we find the *red clay* deposits, which cover about half the ocean floor. This region is not affected by material from the land, and receives little matter from the surface belt. It lies so deep that the shells of pelagic organisms falling down are removed through the solvent action of the deep water. The red clay is believed to have formed slowly, not more than a few feet of matter having accumulated since the Tertiary period.

Exploring in the mid-Pacific basins, the *Albatross* encountered many wide areas nearly destitute of animal life, but covered almost entirely by mineral deposits, principally manganese. The detailed study of marine deposits will help to solve mysteries in the evolution of the continental and



The "*Gastrostomus*," with small eyes, luminous spots, and an enormous mouth. Taken a mile and a half deep. Natural size, 13 inches long.



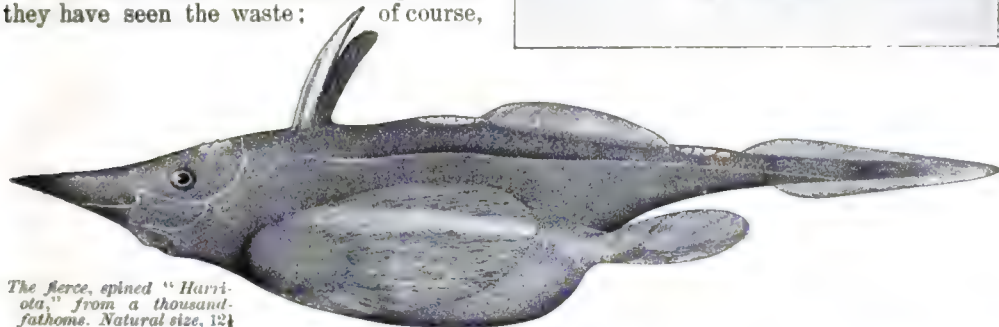
At the top are living *Foraminifera*; below, *Crinoids*, or *Sea-lilies* (animals, not plants).

oceanic areas. Plant life has not been found in great depths, and marine vegetation exists along the shore region, and only down as far as sunlight can penetrate.

From the evidence now at hand with respect to light in the sea, it seems certain that the sunlight does not extend below a couple of hundred fathoms, and even there becomes very dim. Below this the vast body of the ocean is absolutely dark. The brilliantly colored and abundant surface life is not found here, and the whole region is devoid of animals, except for the sinking through it of the calcareous remnants of those which have died at the surface. This is the intermediate and probably lifeless belt.

The abyssal region at the bottom is illuminated only where there are animals, in which case the light is phosphorescent. It has the actinic property of rendering conspicuous the reds, yellows, and greens which predominate among deep-sea animals. Dredg-

ing has yielded so many luminous creatures that there is no longer any doubt about the existence of phosphorescent light in the depths. There are myriads of living lamps at the bottom that undoubtedly cause considerable illumination of the gloom. The eyes of deep-sea animals are not like those developed under the influence of sunlight. Some of the abyssal species are blind; those that have eyes probably capture their prey by the phosphorescent light shed from their own bodies and the bodies of the vast number of other creatures that are constantly flashing their faint lamps over the ocean floor. I recall days when whole barrels of material were landed on deck at one dredge haul. We have been compelled at times to throw overboard a surplus of crinoids, starfishes, sea-urchins, shells, and fishes that would have made naturalists weep could they have seen the waste; of course,



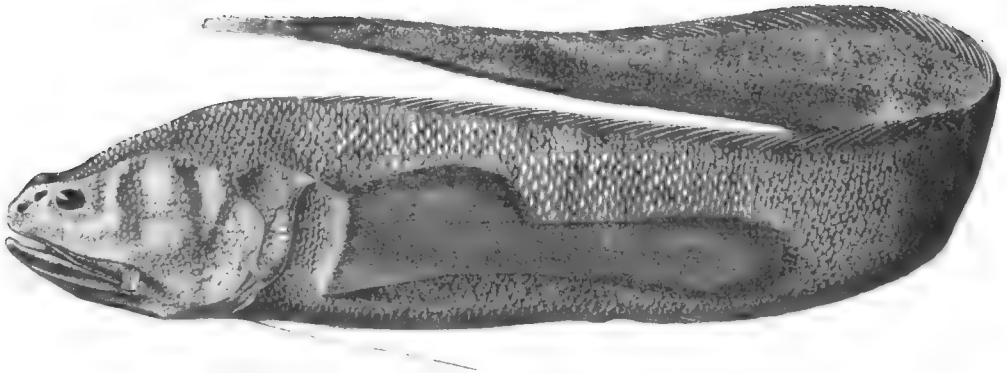
The fierce, spined "Harriota," from a thousand-fathoms. Natural size, 12½ inches long.

a liberal allowance of each species was always saved. The phosphorescent capacity of such an abundance of animals must be very great.

It is always cold at the bottom of the sea; the influence of the warm surface-currents does not extend below a hundred fathoms. In the great depths the temperature is forever close to the freezing point. In the tropics the difference between surface and bottom temperatures is frequently over forty-five degrees. When dredging in the Pacific Ocean under the blazing sun of the tropics our hands were chilled in handling the masses of ice-cold mud from the bottom. Along the course of over three thousand miles from California to the Marquesas Islands, the *Albatross* found the bottom temperature at two or three miles to be as low as thirty-four degrees, or only two degrees above the freezing point. From one hundred fathoms down, or throughout the waters beyond the influence of the



At the top, a flat, purple Sea-urchin, as large as a breakfast plate; below, deep-sea Jellyfish.



ERETMICHTHYS, WITH LIGHT-PRODUCING SPOTS ON ITS HEAD.

sun, temperatures remain practically constant.

At the surface the lines of equal temperatures are parallel with the Equator, although subject to deflections by currents; at the bottom they follow the general trend of the continents. The coldness at the bottom of the sea is due to the water in polar regions sinking and gradually spreading itself over the ocean floor.

Sometimes the shifting of warmer surface water along shore by storms results in its being replaced by cold water from the depths. If for any reason the cold polar water should cease to flow downward toward the tropical basins, the deep-sea water would rise in temperature, and deep-sea animals would die from lack of the air which polar currents absorb at the surface and carry down with them. So far as known, the bottom currents are extremely slow, and as the water is not affected by

storms, it is likely that the deep sea is a place of calm repose, and

"No rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieeth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea."

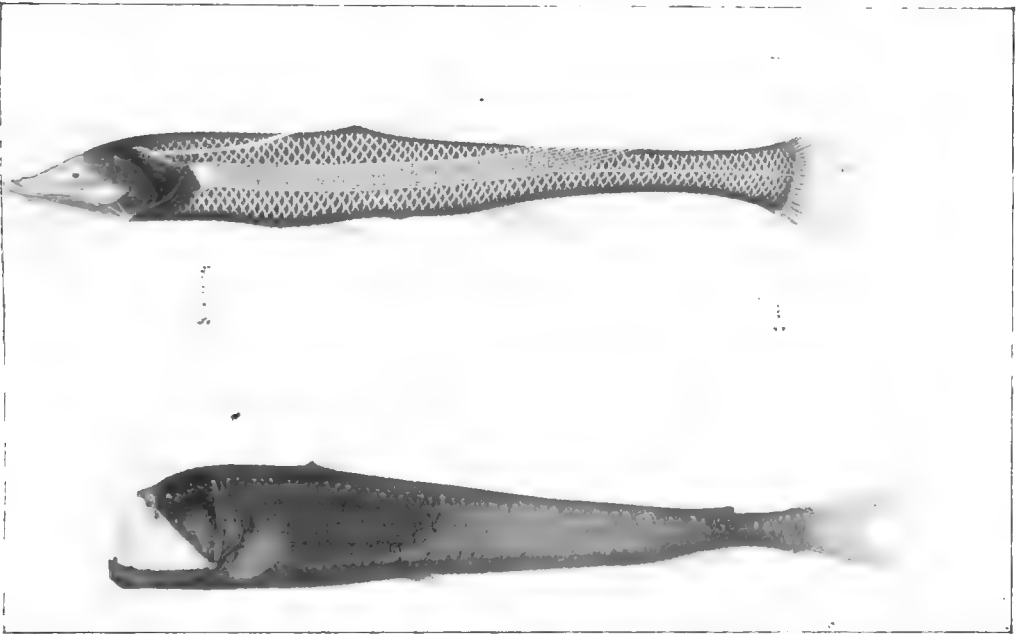
The pressure of water in the great depths is tremendous, crushing all objects that are not constructed to withstand it. All deep-sea instruments are made to resist sea pressure, which is about a ton to the square inch with each mile of depth. At the greatest depth known there would, therefore, be a pressure of nearly six tons to each square inch of surface. This is, of course, a very different condition from that under which terrestrial creatures live, the air pressure at the surface of the earth being only fourteen pounds to the square inch. The greatest depth ever reached by a human being in a diving suit is only two hundred feet, where the water pressure is eighty-eight pounds to the square inch. The writer once went



NEMICHTHYS, FROM A MILE AND A HALF DEEP, WOULD PASS READILY ENOUGH FOR A SEA-SERPENT IF SUFFICIENTLY LARGE.

down in a diving suit and found an uncomfortable pressure at only thirty feet. At the bottom of the sea a piece of tarred rope becomes so compressed by the water that its diameter is greatly reduced. It is not many years since it was argued that nothing could live at the bottom of the sea on account of pressure. Deep-sea animals, however, have tissues sufficiently watery to equalize the crushing weight of the seas. It is likely that the soft forms which we handle so carefully on deck are, at the bottom, as firm-fleshed as those of shallow

as closely as ever the geologists found them in the deposits laid down by the ancient seas. Frequently the crinoids, living representatives of the stone-lilies of the geologists, are found growing in profusion. *Rhizocrinus*, a form long supposed to be extinct, has been rediscovered, and the living species dredged up look very much like those that date back to the Jurassic period. Shells of brachiopods, which are also among the commonest fossil forms of the ancient deposits, have been brought up by the dredge from profound depths.



THE *BATHYPTERUS*, WITH WEAK EYES AND FIN FEELERS. BELOW IS THE GOLDEN-EYED *CHAULIODUS*, THAT SWIMS A MILE DEEP.

water; but whatever solidity of body they have at the bottom is doubtless due to compression. Men ascending lofty mountains suffer in many ways, and sometimes die from lack of air pressure. When animals are dredged from deep water they are always dead, and doubtless die during an early stage of their journey upward.

Sea pressure is so great that it will force water into pieces of wood or cork that could scarcely be forced in in any other way. It will drive water into a bottle through the cork, saturating the wine or other contents with sea water, leaving the bottle more tightly sealed than before.

On some parts of the sea floor are found today vast fields of certain creatures crowded

The colors of deep-sea animals are sometimes as brilliant as those developed under the influence of sunlight, although not so varied.

Deep-sea fishes are, as a rule, dark-colored, particularly those hiding in the ooze of the bottom. Many of the crustaceans, starfishes, and crinoids are quite brilliant. The comparative scarcity of high colors in the majority of bottom animals is doubtless due to the absence of sunlight. It is possible that the brilliant colors which some of them have, were acquired by their ancestors under the influence of sunlight and have not yet become obliterated. It is also possible that the existence of colors is directly related to the existence of phosphorescent light.



THE ALBATROSS DREDGING.

The myriad deep-sea creatures are as voracious as land animals; they prey on each other, and many interesting finds have been made in the stomachs of the larger fishes, while the less predatory forms are abundantly fed by the inexhaustible rain of small things from above.

I have been asked so often about the sea-serpent that something on this subject may be interesting. Let us start fair by calling it the sea monster instead of the sea-serpent. If it is ever found it will in all probability be, not an air-breathing serpent adapted for a life near the ocean surface, but a gill-breathing deep-water fish of serpent shape. In the tropics many species of serpents are found on the surface of the sea, especially near the land; but they are simply small salt-water snakes, with nothing very unusual in their appearance.

Many deep-sea fishes have monstrous shapes; with their long bodies and voracious-looking jaws, they would pass readily enough for sea-serpents if found swimming at the surface and of sufficiently large size. There is perhaps no reason why animals of enormous size should not still be living in the deep sea, although none such have been taken.

The seas of past ages contained huge serpent-shaped animals of many kinds, and we have the fossil remains of some that were over one hundred feet long. Before deep-sea dredging commenced, it was believed that many forms of invertebrates were extinct which we now bring up in abundance in the dredge.

All the animals that have so far been brought up have been captured in dredges capable of taking only small animals, the largest specimens seldom exceeding four or five feet in length. Sometimes the dredge has been lifted when very heavy, its load tearing through the net before reaching the surface. It may be that large animals have entered it, and have broken through before being dragged far from their natural sur-

roundings. *Macrias amissus*, a very heavy fish five feet long, described by Dr. Gill and the writer, from an *Albatross* dredging in one thousand fathoms off the coast of Chili, is the largest fish yet taken by the dredge. Its capture indicates that small animals do not monopolize the sea floor.

The nets attached to the dredge-frames in use to-day have small meshes made to hold small creatures and retain an amount of mud that makes them hard to reel in. I think that, when we build large dredges with extra strong nets having very wide meshes that will permit the smaller animals and the heavy mud to wash through, we shall undoubtedly bring up larger fishes. The ten-foot dredge of the *Albatross* dragging in the ooze at a depth of a couple of miles is almost heavy enough to anchor her, and sometimes the line parts and the apparatus is lost. During her recent voyage in the South Pacific the *Albatross* was equipped with a strong dredge, much larger than any yet made, and carrying a net with meshes large enough to prevent its becoming heavy with mud and small animals. It was expected to take animals of greater size than have yet been brought up, but owing to the unusual depths encountered in that region and the scarcity of fishes in the hauls it was not used.

Of course, animals of the deep sea cannot live upon the surface, but many remarkable forms have been taken along the slopes of the continents, in water only a few hundred fathoms deep, and have been brought to the surface alive. It may be that large serpent-like fishes live at such depths and have come to the surface at rare intervals. Although the ancient fauna are not well represented, modern deep-sea dredging has demonstrated that some of the ancient types of invertebrates, until recently supposed to be extinct, are still living in the deep sea, and there are no scientific reasons why animals of great size related to the ancient types should not be living there.

Some of the well-known deep-sea fishes certainly have a very snaky appearance. Once the dredge net was swung alongside of the ship when its meshes were liberally strung with long, slim fishes of ferocious appearance. A sailor was standing on the rail ready to pass a line around the net. He had lost his shore liberty on several occasions on account of his intemperate habits, and had been teased a great deal in



***MACRURUS ALBUS*, THE LARGEST KNOWN SPECIES OF DEEP-SEA FISH—FIVE FEET LONG.**

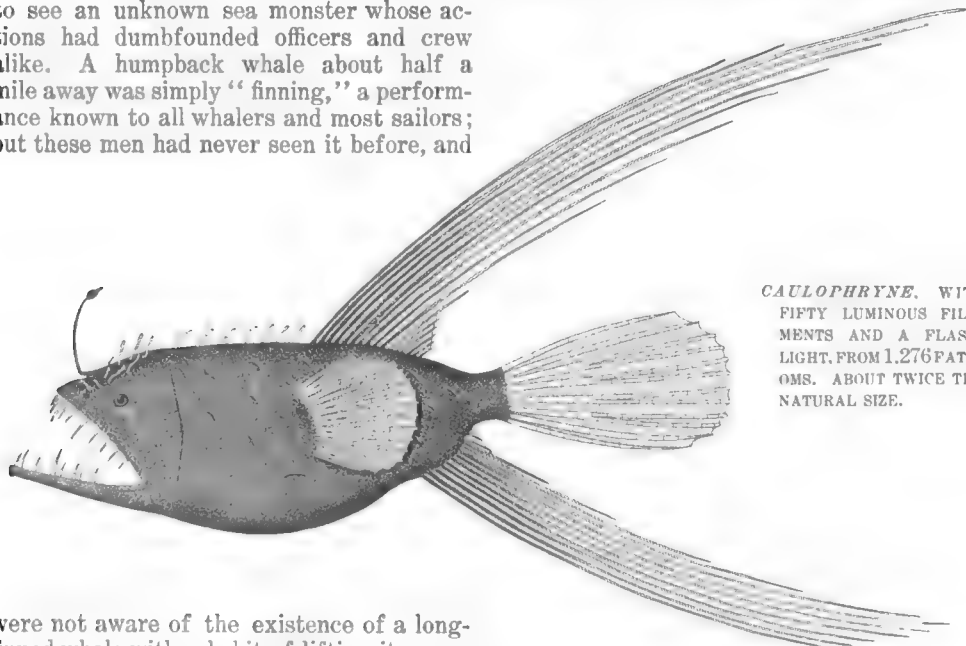
This new genus and species was discovered by the writer while dredging with the *Albatross* in one thousand fathoms off the coast of Chili and has never before been published.

consequence. When he saw these snake-looking fishes dangling over his head, he called out, "Come up here, one of you boys, and pass this strap. I can't stand the sight of these snakes." The man who took his place said, "I'm glad these critters all come up dead."

It is needless to say that most sea-serpent stories are due to ignorance of common natural history.

On one occasion I was called up on deck to see an unknown sea monster whose actions had dumbfounded officers and crew alike. A humpback whale about half a mile away was simply "finning," a performance known to all whalers and most sailors; but these men had never seen it before, and

feet high, to which is attached a strong, bag-shaped net about twenty feet long. Dragged along the bottom it quickly fills with deep-sea animals and mud. Sometimes it settles deeply into the mud or ooze, and is very hard to lift. The cable is connected with a large spring or accumulator attached to the foremast, which often shows the dredge to be pulling thousands of pounds. In such a case, before the load reaches the surface, most of the oozy mud washes away,



CAULOPHRYNE. WITH FIFTY LUMINOUS FILAMENTS AND A FLASH-LIGHT, FROM 1,276 FATHOMS. ABOUT TWICE THE NATURAL SIZE.

were not aware of the existence of a long-finned whale with a habit of lifting its spar-like arms into the air and letting them strike the surface with mighty splashes. But for my insistence on the commonness of the performance, the highly intelligent captain of that vessel would, in all sincerity, have reported a sea serpent at his next port, simply because he was not acquainted with the antics of the humpback whale.

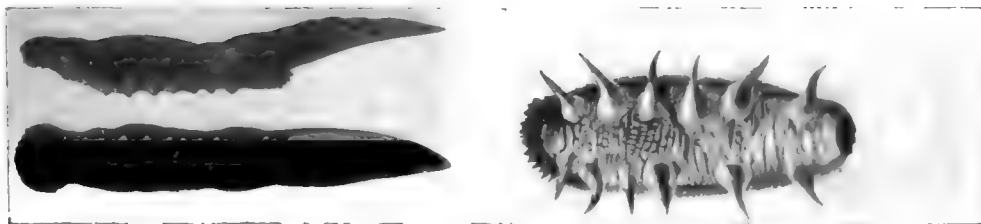
Schools of porpoises moving in line, and giant squids, are the sources of most sea-serpent stories.

The creatures of the deep sea are brought up by means of a dredge or beam trawl, which is dragged by a wire cable about six miles long, and operated by a powerful engine on the deck. The first operation is to ascertain the depth by sounding, which is done with wire; then the dredge is put overboard and allowed to sink to the bottom as the cable is let out. The dredge is simply an iron frame, ten feet wide and two

so that the catch is light enough to be hoisted from the water and landed on deck with safety.

When the dredge is coming up, the naturalists gather along the rail to see what will appear. The crew are there, the officers come forward, and the firemen crawl up from below. One never knows what may appear when dredging in a new region.

As soon as it is brought alongside the ship, a rope is passed around the net if heavily loaded, to prevent its being torn from the beam while lifting on board. It is swung inboard, the bottom is unlashed, and the contents allowed to slide into a table-sieve built for the purpose. Sometimes it is filled with fishes; sometimes with sea-urchins, shells, starfishes, crinoids, or corals; sometimes with squids and devilfish, and it often brings up a varied collection



BRILLIANTLY COLORED SLUGS FROM DEEP WATER.

in which many of the deep-sea classes of animals are represented.

The *Albatross* has several large laboratories well equipped with appliances for the study and preservation of sea life, to which the rare sea animals are carefully taken.

In addition to the dredge, another collecting machine, very useful on rough bottom, is the tangle, composed of bunches of shredded rope attached to iron bars, which when dragged over the bottom frequently brings up sea-urchins, starfish, and crinoids in abundance.

A deep-sea fish-trap has been invented by the Prince of Monaco, an enthusiast in deep-sea exploration, in which he has successfully trapped fishes as deep as two miles, while the *Albatross* has succeeded in taking fishes in ordinary gill-nets, set a mile deep.

It takes about one hour to make a sounding three miles deep and get the instruments back on board. A dredge haul from a depth of four and one-half miles requires ten hours.

In deep-sea exploration everything depends upon the correct working of the dredges, tow-nets, and instruments sent down. The invisible field of investigation lies miles beneath the ship. The sounding wires and dredging cables are the fingers with which we grope in the darkness, with

which we feel for things that are hidden. And so we work by touch and not by sight.

The existence of life at intermediate depths is a subject of considerable discussion at present among oceanographers. So far as experiments have been made there is no evidence at hand to show that the fish living at the surface of the sea extend below a few hundred fathoms. The continental slopes from the shores down to the bed of the ocean are covered with animals, and the distribution of life along such slopes is often continuous; but in the open ocean, far from land, the intermediate nets have obtained nothing except near the surface and close to the bottom. In studying this problem several kinds of closing nets have been used. They are let down to the intermediate regions which it is proposed to explore, are towed at that depth, and then closed by weights sent down on the wire, so that nothing can be taken in them while being hauled up.

The intermediate nets that have been devised on board the *Albatross* can be closed at any depth, and are undoubtedly effective, but the number of observations made with them are as yet too limited for conclusions on this point.

A wonderful work remains to be done in



SOME DEEP-SEA FISHES TAKEN BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO

DEEP-SEA TYPES, *MACRURUS* AND *TRACHYRYCHUS*.

the unfathomed midnight fields of the abyss, where living creatures bear living lamps, through gardens of animal plants whose brilliant flowers unfold to be nourished by manna raining through the sea. Not more than one thousand kinds of fishes have been taken from depths greater than a quarter of a mile. New questions are presented each time the work is taken up. Many of the creatures captured are not represented by enough specimens to permit their thorough study, because unique examples can hardly be spared for dissection, and many links are missing that future dredging will supply.

Let those explorers who are looking for new worlds to discover take to the sea. Only the remoter polar regions are still un-

visited by man, and perhaps a few mountain peaks. There is a wider field left for generations to come, and one that need cause no loss of life—the “Undiscovered Country” of the multitudinous seas. The new science of Oceanography is embarked for exploration. Each time its arms of steel are thrust down into the night of the abyss they are withdrawn grasping new truths; not only those respecting depth, temperature, life, and the like, but many others, upon which the new physical geography of the sea will be written.

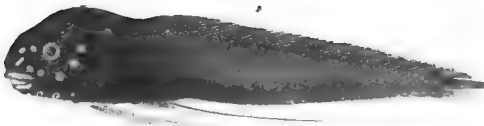
It may not be long before we can answer in part, at least, the poet's question, “What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells, thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?”



PARALIPARIS, WITH SOME OF ITS FINS LIKE SOFT FILAMENTS.



TRACHYRYNCHUS FROM ONE-HALF MILE DEEP.

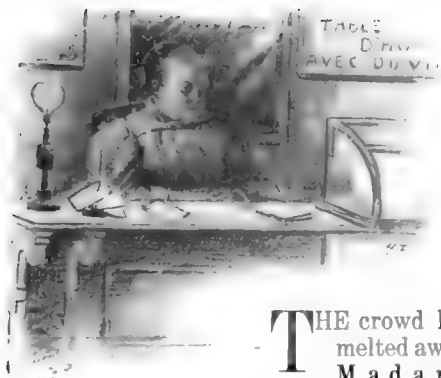


THE JET-BLACK *CAREPROCTUS*, FROM TWO MILES DEEP, WHERE THE TEMPERATURE WAS JUST ABOVE FREEZING POINT.



THE LITTLEST SISTER.

BY ELEANOR HOYT.



THE crowd had melted away. Madame dozed behind the cashier's desk. Two or three waiters chattered in low tones in the rear of the room.

A huge black cat wandered in and out among the table legs, occasionally pausing to rub languidly against one of them.

At a table near the window two men lingered over their wine and cigars, with their elbows on the table, and in their faces the serenity that marks the after-dinner hour of the man who has confidence in his digestion.

"It is the only good wine in the cellars," said the little French doctor, lifting his glass and eying the Burgundy in it with cheerful approval.

"In ten years I have tried them all. I still live. *Mon Dieu!* That is to the credit of my parents who presented me with my

constitution. But this Burgundy—keep the number in your heart, *mon garçon*."

The artist did not listen. He was in a sentimental mood. That was his tribute to the Burgundy. Still, wine need not be potent to stir the artist to sentimentality. He oozes it at the pores. His father presented him with temperament instead of constitution.

The doctor, too, had temperament—being

generalizations don't apply to the sex. There are good women, there are bad women—but the ways of being good and of being bad, there is no end to them. A woman's heart writes her creed. Who shall say what is good, what is bad? Not I. My wife?—yes; but my wife does not fear responsibility. She damns with a verve, with a liberality. But it is superb. Me—I say, for what does *le bon Dieu* employ



"'FRANCE!' HE SAID."

a Frenchman. That was why an acquaintance begun on a Washington Park bench had led to friendship. But, in the doctor's case, years had tempered sentiment with cynicism. His moods were never maudlin.

The artist raised his glass. "Woman!" he said softly.

The doctor drank with him. "But it is a foolish toast," he commented as he wiped his lips. "'A woman, the woman'—that is rational, but 'Woman!' no, *mon garçon*. There is no woman. There are women—

the blessed St. Pierre and a recording angel? It is not for me to guard the golden gates.

"There was the little sister. My wife says she is damned. I—I see that she is happy. *C'est tout*—to be happy. Afterward? I do not know. It is my wife who has information."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and went back to the Burgundy. His wife is strenuous and voluble. Luckily, she is married to a philosopher.



George Bennett Walcott

"'SŒUR ANGELA, WHO CAME AND WENT BETWEEN THE TOWN AND THE CONVENT.'"

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"IT WAS THE TOWN THAT BURNED, NOT THE SPEECHES."

"The little sister," echoed the artist, catching hungrily at a suggestion of romance. "Who was the little sister, *mon ami*?"

"I have not told you? No? But I thought I had told you all my stories—all. *À la bonne heure!* I will tell you the story of Claire, *la plus petite sœur*—the littlest sister, you would say, is it not?"

"She was beautiful—but of a beauty, *mon garçon!*"

The artist rested his chin comfortably upon his hands. The story began well. He worshipped beauty, and this was the second bottle of Burgundy.

"Beautiful as an angel," went on the doctor, with Gallic enthusiasm, "but not an angel. No; human, quite human. Slender and white and fair. She had hair all netted with sunbeams—but it was under her veil at first. It was with her great blue eyes and her lips, and the curve of her chin, and her voice that Jean fell in love. He did not need the hair. But a woman's hair, *mon garçon!* For me, a woman's hair——"

The artist moved restlessly.

"Why a veil?" he asked.

The doctor looked surprised.

"Ah, I have not told you? She was a nun. But yes, one of *les petites sœurs blanches*. It is a most holy order, the most severe in the world, they say. They dress all in white, the little sisters, and they never leave the convent after they go in through the door. They sleep in their coffins. They eat no meat. They are sworn never to look upon the face of a man. They flog themselves and do penance. They pray, pray, pray! It is gay, is it not? It is said—I repeat it, but I do not believe—it is said that also the little sisters never speak. *Mon Dieu*, it is too much! For the rest, yes; but a houseful of silent women? No. When one speaks of miracles, *moi, je m'en passe*, one must be reasonable.

"There was a convent of the order in St. Quentin. You do not know St. Quentin, *mon ami*? Oh, it is pity!"

The doctor took up his glass solemnly and rose to his feet.

"France!" he said. It was warmer, more reverent than the artist's "Woman!"

They drank the toast standing, then the doctor took up his story.

"It was a thing to be proud of, so holy a flock. We were proud. Yes. And the women gossiped. The men? They may

have listened. There was only Sœur Angela, who came and went between the town and the convent. She was not silent, Sœur Angela. The fastings had not made her thin. Sanctity had not made her beautiful. She was old and fat. It must have been a large coffin in which Sœur Angela slept. She talked in the market-place. It was only for the marketing that she left the convent. And every one asked questions. It was so the gossip found food. The Mother Superior had been a duchess—a most worldly duchess. She had lived while she lived, that holy lady. Then she turned *dévôte*. It is so with French women. It is to strike a balance. She had been very beautiful. There had been tales. Oh, we had heard even in St. Quentin. But now she was a saint and cold—Sœur Angela shivered when she spoke of that cold.

“And there was Claire, *la plus petite sœur*. All the town loved Claire as they feared the duchess, though no one had seen either. One day a baby had been left at the convent door. The sisters took it in. That was Claire. She grew up there behind the walls, and she was happy—the only young, happy thing in the place. The sisters adored her. Even the Reverend Mother thawed for her, and Sœur Angela wept when she spoke of her. It was a good soul, but Sœur Angela was not beautiful when she wept.

“‘It is an angel,’ she would sob. ‘But of a sweetness, of a beauty like a flower in the wind, and with a voice! A voice of gold! And for a smile—but it is to see open the gates of Paradise.’

“So we loved the littlest sister, and we young men dreamed. I was young then, *mon ami*. It was sacrilege to dream, but when one is young—ah, *mon Dieu*, when one is young!

“It was in 1870 that it happened. France was in a frenzy then. So long ago. Yes. But France is in a frenzy now when she remembers. We in St. Quentin heard the

echo of ‘*À Berlin!*’ Then we heard rumors. We heard facts. We questioned, doubted, raved. The Prussians were coming. It was true. We believed at last. *Eh bien*, let them come. We were Frenchmen. We would show the Prussian pigs how a Frenchman could defend his home. Ah, *les beaux jours*. St. Quentin was a walled town. Ammunition was stored, fortifications were strengthened. There were crowds in the streets. There were speeches in the *cafés*—but such speeches, *mon garçon!* It was fire! It was thunder! Then one day there were shells in the streets. It was the town that burned, not the speeches.

“A demand for surrender. We laughed. The Prussians shelled the town. The women and children were ordered to the casemates. Then, when they were safe, some one said, ‘But the little sisters?’ We had forgotten them. They were not of the world. This was a worldly crisis. We had forgotten, and we were ashamed.

“Jean Baudolf was sent to bring them. He was a butcher, young Jean, and handsome—an eye, a leg! We had no chance, we others with the girls. It was Jean here, Jean there—and we liked him for all that. Such a devil of a fellow, so gay, so good-hearted, so reckless. He was popular, that rascal Jean.

“He ran up the hill, whistling. I can hear him now. There was danger. He whistled more gayly for that. He knocked at the convent gate. The wicket opened. Even Sœur Angela smiled at Jean.

“‘The Prussians shell the city, *ma sœur*,’ he said.

“‘Yes, my brother.’

“‘You are to come to the casemates.’

“‘It is impossible, my brother.’

“‘But you are in danger.’

“‘It is as God wills, my brother.’

“The wicket snapped shut. Jean was left *planté là*. He swore at the blank, white wall. Then he came down the hill and told us. *Mon Dieu*, what excitement, what sput-



“‘THE PRUSSIANS SHELL THE CITY,
MA SŒUR.’”

tering! The women said nothing could be done. The men said something should be done. Frenchmen to see thirty women killed, even if the women wished it so! Never!

"Monsieur le Maire was having his shoulder tied up. It is not easy for a five-foot man, with a round belly, to look warlike, *mon cher*. Our mayor did it. Ah, but he was magnificent, that mayor!

"We had never known him before. He could drink. He could speak, but it was in danger that he was superb. I take off my hat to his memory. He is dead—of a fit. There had been a banquet. Ah, *un brave, un brave*, in peace or in war, *le maire de St. Quentin*.

"It was he who spoke. '*Sacré nom de mon oncle!*' he roared. 'We will bring them whether they will or not.'

"He went up the hill. We followed, we others. He knocked at the wicket. It opened. It shut. Monsieur le Maire grew purple in the face. He lifted a fat leg. Bang! The door groaned. Bang! The second kick broke the lock. We tumbled into the courtyard. There was service in the chapel. The music droned on. There was a roar, a crash, a sound of splintering wood and glass. A shell had fallen in the dormitory. The chant wavered. It broke. Then it went on again. Oh, *ces femmes, ces femmes!* How brave they can be—in a foolish cause!

"We ran to the chapel door. We took off our hats and stood there. The little sisters fluttered like a flock of doves. They drew their veils across their faces and huddled behind the Mother Superior. She came down the aisle toward us. I wanted to run.

Prussians, yes. A man may face Prussians, but this was different.

"'Messieurs,' she said, 'this is sacrilege.'

"Oh, *mon ami!* That voice! I shiver now. It was of ice—of ice, but of fire, too. We trembled, we faltered. Monsieur le Maire stood fast. Ah, *un brave! un brave!*

"'Ma mère,' he said, you must come with us. We have entreated. Now we command.'

"And only five feet tall, that mayor, *mon garçon!* A little round man, at whom we had always smiled.

"'You must come,' he said.

"'Must,' she repeated. Ugh! It was to freeze the marrow in one's bones. She towered, *mon ami*. She trembled with rage.

"'Go,' she said, lifting her hand. 'Go, before the judgment of heaven falls upon your impious heads.' It was awful. It made my hair to rise slowly, slowly.

"'Come,' said Monsieur le Maire. He swelled with determination. 'Come, before the Prussian shells fall upon your foolish head!'

"He grabbed her, *mon garçon*. But yes! He grabbed the Reverend Mother around the middle. She was heavy, but he was strong. He lifted her. He carried her, kicking and struggling. No thunderbolt fell. We plucked up heart.

Each man seized a woman. *Mon Dieu*, how they wriggled, how they screamed! We carried them across the courtyard through the door, into the streets. Some were quiet, after the first.

"To feel a man's arms round her, a man's breath on her cheek, that might



"THE SECOND KICK BROKE THE LOCK."



"MONSIEUR LE MAIRE WAS HAVING HIS SHOULDER TIED UP."

make ghosts rise and stir in many a nun's heart. *N'est-ce pas, mon ami!* What they felt, those nuns, it would be interesting to know.

"But the Reverend Mother! What she felt was rage. She could have killed. It was but lacquer, the saintliness. Scratch it. The duchess showed through.

"If we must go, let us go with dignity," she said to the mayor, who puffed and panted, but held her fast. "We will go. Do not touch us! Cowards, who insult women!" It was to blush, *mon ami*, but we had been right, and we had had our way. We were gay, even when the ice crackled in the speech of the duchess.

"We set the nuns on their feet. They skurried to the Reverend Mother. They went down the hill before us. It was like a garden of lilies swayed by the breeze, save for Sœur Angela. She was a sturdy flower, Sœur Angela. It would be a hurricane that would sway her. The blacksmith had carried her. He was a Hercules, that young blacksmith, but when she walked again he wiped the sweat from his brow. He fished a flask from his pocket.

"And Jean? His arms were not tired. He had no flask. Yet his eyes were the eyes of a man who drinks till the fire is in his veins.

"It was the little Claire whom he had carried. She was a feather-weight. She had not struggled. She lay quite still. Her veil had blown back. She looked up into

Jean's eyes. All blushes, yes. She shut her eyes. She opened them. They answered his. *Pouf!* It is like that sometimes, *mon garçon*. A girl, a lad, a moment. It is done. The years cannot change it. So!

"Me—I studied the *dot*; but once there was a little milliner. I was but twenty—zut! it is not my story that I tell, but Jean's. He sighed when he put her down. She sighed. She drew her rumpled veil, but she gave him her eyes first. She clung close to the Reverend Mother. She was frightened by the thing she felt. She has told me since, and she blushed when she told.

"In the casemates every one was waiting. There was respect. There was consideration. The sisters sat in a shadowy corner, with their heads bowed, their hands before

their faces. There was a murmur of prayer. When food was offered, they refused; but the second day the Reverend Mother listened to reason—and hunger. "Eat, my children," she said. They ate bread and water. At first the hands were pressed tight over the eyes. Then the slim fingers slipped apart, slowly, slowly. Wounded men were brought in. There was care, there was grief, and finally the Reverend Mother spoke.

"It is not our will that brings us here, my children. God will forgive our broken vows. There is work to be done. We will do it."

"So they came out from the corner, and



"WE TUMBLED INTO THE COURTYARD."

they nursed the wounded. Ah, that duchess! What a woman she must have been before she turned saint. I had a scratch. She bound it. I understood that she must have much to repent.

"But one day it was Jean who was car-

"Am I then already dead and in paradise?" he said.

"Ah, that Jean, but he had the tongue, the eyes, and this time he had the heart.

"*Eh bien*, the story is told, *mon garçon*. What end could there be? The Prussians



"THE BLACKSMITH HAD CARRIED HER."

ried in, very white, very still, a hole in his shoulder, the blood flowing fast. And the littlest sister knew before the men who carried him had crossed the doorstep. I saw her. Her face went white—but white like her veil—and there was a live thing in her eyes. It was fear. She went quickly, with bandages in her hands. She leaned over him. He opened his eyes.

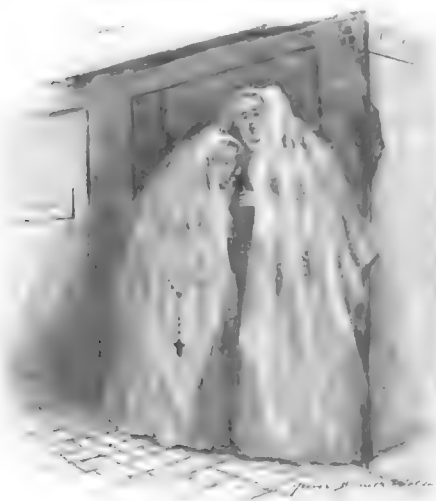
marched into the town. We were brave. They, too, were brave, and they were strong. They marched out again. It was not only the Prussians who had besieged. It was not only St. Quentin that had surrendered.

"The life of the town flowed back into its old channels, but there were gaps, there were changes.

"The Reverend Mother gathered her flock

around her and led them back to the convent, but there were only twenty-nine who went.

"The littlest sister would not go. She was pale. She was sad. She wept; but she shook her head. The Reverend Mother commanded. She entreated. She persuaded. It was quite useless.



"CLUNG CLOSE TO THE REVEREND MOTHER."

"*'Je l'aime,'* the littlest sister said.

"*'I love him.'* That was all. That was enough. It was answer to every argument. The thing was quite simple. Women are like that, *mon ami*.

"And the duchess understood—though she had been dead so long.

"She took the littlest sister's hands and looked down at her. I saw the good-by. Cold? The coldness was like



"SHE LEANED OVER HIM. HE OPENED HIS EYES."

the saintliness, *mon cher*—lacquer, only lacquer. She loved the little sister. She would have kept her safe from world pain, but she understood.

"Ah, what a woman— if she had not been a saint!

"She saw the ghosts of her own love, of her own youth, in the little sister's face. Yes, I think she saw that. It was in her eyes. It was on her lips, and the duchess sighed; but the Mother Superior—that was another woman. She drew her veil. She went up the rugged path to the convent. The door in the wall opened. It shut. What happiness some men miss in order that we may have saints. *Eh, mon cher?*

"The littlest sister, too, had chosen. She stayed in the wicked world and married Jean the butcher. Happy as a bird, *mon garçon*. Damned? I do not know. It is my wife who says it."



"WHAT A WOMAN SHE MUST HAVE BEEN

BEFORE SHE TURNED SAINT."

THREE AGES: THREE GRACES.

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

I

FIRST there's a time to be happy—
Merry, then merry as May,
When never a sorrow survives to the morrow,
And we're born with the dawn of each day.
Then we give thanks to GOD for His day.

II

Follows a time to be busy—
Laboring while we have light,
We break up the sod on the fallows of GOD,
And earth-stained tramp homewards at night.
Then we give thanks to GOD for His night.

III

Last there's a time to be tired—
Lying at length in the sun,
We rest for a while with our world-weary smile,
Drift and dream, dream and drift, and go on.
Then we give thanks to GOD and go on.



THE WIND IN THE ROSE-BUSH

BY MARY E. WILKINS

FORD VILLAGE has no railroad station, being on the other side of the river from Porter's Falls, and accessible only by the ford which gives it its name, and a ferry line.

The ferry-boat was waiting when Rebecca Flint got off the train with her bag and lunch-basket. When she and her small trunk were safely embarked, she sat stiff and straight and calm in the ferry-boat as it shot swiftly and smoothly across stream. There was a horse attached to a light country wagon on board, and he pawed the deck uneasily. His owner stood near, with a wary eye upon him, although he was chewing, with as dully reflective an expression as a cow. Beside Rebecca sat a woman of about her own age, who kept looking at her with furtive curiosity; her husband, short and stout and saturnine, stood near her. Rebecca paid no attention to either of them. She was tall and spare and pale, the type of a spinster, yet with rudimentary lines and expressions of matronhood. She all unconsciously held her shawl, rolled up in a canvas bag, on her left hip, as if it had been a child. She wore a settled frown of dissent at life, but it was the frown of a

mother who regarded life as a froward child, rather than as an overwhelming fate.

The other woman continued staring at her; she was mildly stupid, except for an over-developed curiosity which made her at times sharp beyond belief. Her eyes glittered, red spots came on her flaccid cheeks, she kept opening her mouth to speak, making little abortive motions. Finally she could endure it no longer, she nudged Rebecca boldly. "A pleasant day," said she.

Rebecca looked at her, and nodded coldly. "Yes, very," she assented.

"Have you come far?"

"I have come from Michigan."

"Oh!" said the woman with awe. "It's a long way," she remarked presently.

"Yes, it is," replied Rebecca conclusively.

Still the other woman was not daunted; there was something which she determined to know, possibly roused thereto by a vague sense of incongruity in the other's appearance. "It's a long ways to come and leave a family," she remarked with painful slyness.

"I ain't got any family to leave," returned Rebecca shortly.

"Then you ain't——"

"No, I ain't."

"Oh!" said the woman

Rebecca looked straight ahead at the race of the river.

It was a long ferry. Finally Rebecca herself waxed unexpectedly loquacious. She turned to the other woman, and inquired if she knew John Dent's widow who lived in Ford Village. "Her husband died about three years ago," said she by way of detail.

The woman started violently. She turned pale, then she flushed; she cast a strange glance at her husband, who was regarding both women with a sort of stolid keenness.

"Yes, I guess I do," faltered the woman finally.

"Well, his first wife was my sister," said Rebecca with the air of one imparting important intelligence.

"Was she?" responded the other woman feebly. She glanced at her husband with an expression of doubt and terror, and he shook his head forbiddingly.

"I'm going to see her, and take my niece Agnes home with me," said Rebecca.

Then the woman gave such a violent start that she noticed it.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Nothin', I guess," replied the woman, with eyes on her husband, who was slowly shaking his head, like a Chinese toy.

"Is my niece sick?" asked Rebecca with quick suspicion.

"No, she ain't sick," replied the woman with alacrity, then she caught her breath with a gasp.

"When did you see her?"

"Let me see, I ain't seen her for some little time," replied the woman. Then she caught her breath again.

"She ought to have grown up real pretty, if she takes after my sister. She was a real pretty woman," Rebecca said wistfully.

"Yes, I guess she did grow up pretty," replied the woman in a trembling voice.

"What kind of a woman is the second wife?"

The woman glanced at her husband's warning face. She continued to gaze at him while she replied in a choking voice to Rebecca:

"I—guess she's a nice woman," she replied. "I—don't know, I—guess so. I—don't see much of her."

"I felt kind of hurt that John married again so quick," said Rebecca; "but I suppose he wanted his house kept, and Agnes wanted care. I wasn't so situated that I could take her when her mother died. I

had my own mother to care for, and I was school-teaching. Now mother has gone, and my uncle died six months ago and left me quite a little property, and I've given up my school, and I've come for Agnes. I guess she'll be glad to go with me, though I suppose her stepmother is a good woman, and has always done for her."

The man's warning shake at his wife was fairly portentous.

"I guess so," said she.

"John always wrote that she was a beautiful woman," said Rebecca.

Then the ferry-boat grated on the shore.

John Dent's widow had sent a horse and wagon to meet her sister-in-law. When the woman and her husband went down the road, on which Rebecca in the wagon with her trunk soon passed them, she said reproachfully: "Seems as if I'd ought to have told her, Thomas."

"Let her find it herself," replied the man. "Don't you go to burnin' your fingers in other folk's puddin', Maria."

"Do you s'pose she'll see anything?" asked the woman with a spasmodic shudder, and a terrified roll of her eyes.

"See!" returned her husband with stolid scorn. "Better be sure there's anything to see."

"Oh, Thomas, they say——"

"Lord, ain't you found out that what they say is mostly lies?"

"But if it should be true, and she's a nervous woman, she might be scared enough to lose her wits," said his wife, staring uneasily after Rebecca's erect figure in the wagon disappearing over the crest of the hilly road.

"Wits that so easy upset ain't worth much," declared the man. "You keep out of it, Maria."

Rebecca in the meantime rode on in the wagon, beside a flaxen-headed boy, who looked, to her understanding, not very bright. She asked him a question, and he paid no attention. She repeated it, and he responded with a bewildered and incoherent grunt. Then she let him alone, after making sure that he knew how to drive straight.

They had travelled about half a mile, passed the village square, and gone a short distance beyond, when the boy drew up with a sudden whoa! before a very prosperous-looking house. It had been one of the aboriginal cottages of the vicinity, small and white, with a roof extending on one side



"WHAT MAKES THAT ROSE-BUSH BLOW SO WHEN THERE ISN'T ANY WIND?"

over a piazza, and a tiny "L" jutting out in the rear, on the right hand. Now the cottage was transformed by dormer windows, a bay window on the piazzaless side, a carved railing down the front steps, and a modern hard-wood door. "Is this John Dent's house?" asked Rebecca.

The boy was as sparing of speech as a philosopher. His only response was in flinging the reins over the horse's back, stretching out one foot to the shaft, and leaping out of the wagon, then going around to the rear for the trunk. Rebecca got out and went toward the house. Its white paint had a new gloss; its blinds were an immaculate apple green; the lawn was trimmed as smooth as velvet, and it was dotted with scrupulous groups of hydrangeas and cannas.

"I always understood that John Dent was well-to-do," Rebecca reflected comfortably. "I guess Agnes will have considerable. I've got enough, but it will come in handy for her schooling. She can have advantages."

The boy dragged the trunk up the fine gravel-walk, but before he reached the steps leading up to the piazza, for the house stood on a terrace, the front door opened, and a fair, frizzled head of a very large and handsome woman appeared. She held up her black silk skirt, disclosing voluminous ruffles of starched embroidery, and waited for Rebecca. She smiled placidly, her pink, double-chinned face widened and dimpled, but her blue eyes were wary and calculating. She extended her hand as Rebecca climbed the steps.

"This is Miss Flint, I suppose," said she.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Rebecca, noticing with bewilderment a curious expression compounded of fear and defiance on the other's face.

"Your letter only arrived this morning," said Mrs. Dent, in a steady voice. Her great face was a uniform pink, her china-blue eyes were at once aggressive and veiled with secrecy.

"Yes, I hardly thought you'd get my letter," replied Rebecca. "I felt as if I could not wait to hear from you before I came. I supposed you would be so situated that you could have me a little while without putting you out too much, from what John used to write me about his circumstances, and when I had that money so unexpected, I felt as if I must come for Agnes. I suppose you will be willing to give her up. You know she's my own

blood, and of course she's no relation to you, though you must have got attached to her. I know what a sweet girl she must be from her picture, and John always said she looked like her own mother, and Grace was a beautiful woman, if she was my sister." Rebecca stopped and stared at the other woman in amazement and alarm. The great handsome blond creature stood speechless, livid, gasping, with her hand to her heart, her lips parted in a horrible caricature of a smile. "Are you sick?" cried Rebecca, drawing near. "Don't you want me to get you some water?"

Then Mrs. Dent recovered herself with a great effort. "It is nothin'," she said. "I am subject to—spells. I am over it now. Won't you come in, Miss Flint?" As she spoke, the beautiful, deep rose color suffused her face, her blue eyes met her visitor's with the opaqueness of turquoise, with a revelation of blue, but a concealment of all behind.

Rebecca followed her hostess in, and the boy, who had waited quiescently, climbed the steps with the trunk. But before they entered the door a strange thing happened. On the upper terrace, close to the piazza-post grew a great rose-bush, and on it, late in the season though it was, one small red, perfect rose.

Rebecca looked at it, and the other woman extended her hand with a quick gesture. "Don't you pick that rose," she cried brusquely.

Rebecca drew herself up with stiff dignity. "I ain't in the habit of picking other folk's roses without leave," said she.

As Rebecca spoke she started violently, and lost sight of her resentment, for something singular happened. Suddenly the rose-bush was agitated violently as if by a gust of wind, yet it was a remarkably still day. Not a leaf of the hydrangea standing on the terrace close to the rose trembled.

"What on earth—" began Rebecca, then she stopped with a gasp, at the sight of the other woman's face. Although a face, it gave somehow the impression of a desperately clutched hand of secrecy. "Come in!" said she in a harsh voice, which seemed to come forth from her chest, with no intervention of the organs of speech. "Come into the house. I'm getting cold out here."

"What makes that rose-bush blow so when there isn't any wind?" asked Re-

becca, trembling with vague horror, yet resolute.

"I don't see as it is blowing," returned the woman calmly. And as she spoke, indeed the bush was quiet.

"It was blowing," declared Rebecca.

"It isn't now," said Mrs. Dent. "I can't try to account for every thing that blows out of doors. I have too much to do." She spoke scornfully and confidently, with defiant, unflinching eyes, first on the bush, then on Rebecca, and led the way into the house.

"It looked queer," persisted Rebecca, but she followed, and also the boy with the trunk.

Rebecca entered an interior, prosperous, even elegant, according to her simple ideas. There were Brussels carpets, lace curtains, and plenty of brilliant upholstery and polished wood. "You're real nicely situated," remarked Rebecca, after she had become a little accustomed to her new surroundings, and the two women were seated at the tea-table.

Mrs. Dent stared with a hard complacency from behind her silver-plated service. "Yes, I be," said she.

"You got all the things new," said Rebecca hesitatingly, with a jealous memory of her dead sister's bridal furnishings.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dent, "I was never one to want dead folk's things, and I had money enough of my own, so I wasn't beholden to John. I had the old duds put up at auction. They didn't bring much."

"I suppose you saved some for Agnes. She'll want some of her poor mother's things when she is grown up," said Rebecca with some indignation.

The defiant stare of Mrs. Dent's blue eyes waxed more intense. "There's a few things up garret," said she.

"She'll be likely to value them," remarked Rebecca. As she spoke she glanced at the window. "Isn't it most time for her to be coming home?" she asked.

"Most time," answered Mrs. Dent carelessly; "but when she gets over to Addie Slocum's, she never knows when to come home."

"Is Addie Slocum her intimate friend?"

"Intimate as any."

"Maybe we can have her come out to see Agnes when she's living with me," said Rebecca wistfully. "I suppose she'll be likely to be homesick at first."

"Most likely," answered Mrs. Dent.

"Does she call you mother?" Rebecca asked.

"No, she calls me Aunt Emeline," replied the other woman shortly. "When did you say you were going home?"

"In about a week, I thought, if she can be ready to go so soon," answered Rebecca with a surprised look. She reflected that she would not remain a day longer than she could help after such an inhospitable look and question.

"Oh, as far as that goes," said Mrs. Dent, "it wouldn't make any difference about her being ready. You could go home whenever you felt that you must, and she could come afterward."

"Alone?"

"Why not? She's a big girl now, and you don't have to change cars."

"My niece will go home when I do, and not travel alone; and if I can't wait here for her, in the house that used to be her mother's and my sister's home, I'll go and board somewhere," returned Rebecca with warmth.

"Oh, you can stay here as long as you want to. You're welcome," said Mrs. Dent.

Then Rebecca started. "There she is!" she declared in a trembling, exultant voice. Nobody knew how she longed to see the girl.

"She isn't as late as I thought she'd be," said Mrs. Dent, and again that curious, subtle change passed over her face, and again it settled into that stony impassiveness.

Rebecca stared at the door, waiting for it to open. "Where is she?" she asked presently.

"I guess she's stopped to take off her hat in the entry," suggested Mrs. Dent.

Rebecca waited. "Why don't she come? It can't take her all this time to take off her hat."

For answer Mrs. Dent rose with a stiff jerk, and threw open the door.

"Agnes," she called. "Agnes." Then she turned and eyed Rebecca. "She ain't there."

"I saw her pass the window," said Rebecca in bewilderment.

"I thought I did, but we must both have been mistaken."

"I know I did," persisted Rebecca.

"You couldn't have."

"I did. I saw first a shadow go over the ceiling, then I saw her in the glass there"—she pointed to a mirror over the sideboard opposite—"and then the shadow passed the window."

"How did she look in the glass?"

"Little and light-haired, with the light hair kind of tossing over her forehead."

"You couldn't have seen her."

"Was that like Agnes?"

"Like enough, but of course you didn't see her. You've been thinking so much about her that you thought you did."

"You thought *you* did."

"I thought I saw a shadow pass the window, but I must have been mistaken. She didn't come in, or we would have seen her before now. I knew it was too early for her to get home from Addie Slocum's, anyhow."

When Rebecca went to bed Agnes had not returned. Rebecca had resolved that she would not retire until the girl came, but she was very tired, and she reasoned with herself that she was foolish. Besides, Mrs. Dent suggested that Agnes might go to the church social with Addie Slocum. When Rebecca suggested that she be sent for and told that her aunt had come, Mrs. Dent laughed meaningly.

"I guess you'll find out that a young girl ain't so ready to leave a sociable where there's boys, to see her aunt," said she.

"She's too young," said Rebecca incredulously and indignantly.

"She's sixteen," replied Mrs. Dent; "and she's always been great for the boys."

"She's going to school four years after I get her before she thinks of boys," declared Rebecca.

"We'll see," laughed the other woman.

After Rebecca went to bed, she lay awake a long time listening for the sound of girlish laughter and a boy's voice under her window, then she fell asleep.

The next morning she was down early. Mrs. Dent, who kept no servant, was busily preparing breakfast.

"Don't Agnes help you about breakfast?" asked Rebecca.

"No, I let her lay," replied Mrs. Dent shortly.

"What time did she get home last night?"

"She didn't get home."

"What?"

"She didn't get home. She stayed with Addie. She often does."

"Without sending you word?"

"Oh, she knew I wouldn't worry."

"When will she be home?"

"Oh, I guess she'll be along pretty soon."

Rebecca was uneasy, but she tried to conceal it, for she knew of no good reason for uneasiness. What was there to occasion alarm in the fact of one young girl staying over night with another? She could not eat much breakfast. Afterward she went out on the little piazza, although her hostess strove furtively to stop her.

"Why don't you go out back of the house? It's real pretty, a view over the river," she said.

"I guess I'll go out here," replied Rebecca. She had a purpose, to watch for the absent girl.

Presently Rebecca came hustling into the house through the sitting-room, into the kitchen where Mrs. Dent was cooking.

"That rose-bush!" she gasped.

Mrs. Dent turned and faced her. "What of it?"

"It's a-blowing."

"What of it?"

"There isn't a mite of wind this morning."

Mrs. Dent turned with an inimitable toss of her fair head. "If you think I can spend my time puzzling over such nonsense as—" she began, but Rebecca interrupted her with a cry, and a rush to the door.

"There she is now!" she cried.

She flung the door wide open, and curiously enough a breeze came in and her own gray hair tossed, and a paper blew off the table to the floor with a loud rustle, but there was nobody in sight.

"There's nobody here," Rebecca said. She looked blankly at the other woman, who brought her rolling-pin down on a slab of pie-crust with a thud.

"I didn't hear anybody," she said calmly.

"I saw somebody pass that window!"

"You were mistaken again."

"I know I saw somebody."

"You couldn't have. Please shut that door."

Rebecca shut the door. She sat down beside the window, and looked out on the autumnal yard, with its little curve of foot-path to the kitchen door. "What smells so strong of roses in this room?" she said presently; she sniffed hard.

"I don't smell anything but these nutmegs."

"It ain't nutmeg."

"I don't smell anything else."

"Where do you suppose Agnes is?"

"Oh, perhaps she has gone over the ferry to Porter's Falls with Addie. She often does. Addie's got an aunt over there, and Addie's got a cousin, a real pretty boy."

"You suppose she's gone over there?"

"Mebbe. I shouldn't wonder."

"When would she be home if she had gone?"

"Oh, not before afternoon."

Rebecca waited with all the patience she could muster. She kept reassuring herself, telling herself that it was all natural, that the other woman could not help it, but she made up her mind that if Agnes did not return that afternoon she should be sent for.

When it was four o'clock she started up with resolution. She had been furtively watching the onyx clock on the sitting-room mantel; she had timed herself. She had said that if Agnes was not home by that time, she should demand that she be sent for. She rose and stood before Mrs. Dent, who looked up coolly from her embroidery.

"I've waited just as long as I'm going to," she said. "I've come way from Michigan to see my own sister's daughter and take her home with me. I've been here ever since yesterday, twenty-four hours, and I haven't seen her. Now I'm going to. I want her sent for."

Mrs. Dent folded her embroidery and rose. "Well, I don't blame you," she said. "It is high time she came home. I'll go right over and get her myself."

Rebecca drew a sigh of relief. She hardly knew what she had suspected or feared, but she knew that her position had been one of antagonism if not accusation, and she was sensible of relief.

"I wish you would," she said gratefully, and went back to her chair, while Mrs. Dent got her shawl and her little white head-tie. "I wouldn't trouble you, but I do feel as if I couldn't wait any longer to see her," she remarked apologetically.

"Oh, it ain't any trouble at all," said Mrs. Dent as she went out. "I don't blame you, you have waited long enough."

Rebecca sat at the window watching breathlessly until Mrs. Dent came stepping through the yard alone. She ran to the door and saw, hardly noticing it this time,

that the rose-bush was again violently agitated, yet with no wind evident elsewhere.

"Where is she?" she cried.

Mrs. Dent laughed with stiff lips as she came up the steps over the terrace. "Girls will be girls," said she. "She's gone with Addie to Lincoln. Addie's got an uncle who's conductor on the train, and lives there, and he got 'em passes, and they're goin' to stay to Addie's Aunt Margaret's a few days. Mrs. Slocum said Agnes didn't have time to come over and ask me before the train went, but she took it on herself to say it would be all right, and——"

"Why hadn't she been over to tell you?" Rebecca was angry, though not suspicious. She even saw no reason for her anger.

"Oh, she was putting up grapes. She was coming over just as soon as she got the black off her hands. She heard I had company, and her hands were a sight. She was holding them over sulphur matches."

"You say she's going to stay a few days?" repeated Rebecca dazedly.

"Yes, till Thursday, Mrs. Slocum said."

"How far is Lincoln from here?"

"About fifty miles. It'll be a real treat to her. Mrs. Slocum's sister is a real nice woman."

"It is goin' to make it pretty late about my goin' home."

"If you don't feel as if you could wait, I'll get her ready and send her on just as soon as I can," Mrs. Dent said sweetly.

"I'm going to wait," said Rebecca grimly.

The two women sat down again, and Mrs. Dent took up her embroidery.

"Is there any sewing I can do for her?" Rebecca asked finally in a desperate way. "If I can get her sewing along some——"

Mrs. Dent arose with alacrity, and fetched a mass of white from a closet. "Here," she said, "if you want to sew the lace on this nightgown. I was going to put her to it, but she'll be glad enough to get rid of it. She ought to have this and one more before she goes. I don't like to send her away without some good underclothing."

Rebecca snatched at the little white garment and sewed feverishly.

That night she wakened from a deep sleep a little after midnight, and lay a minute trying to collect her faculties and explain to herself what she was listening to. At last she discovered that it was the then popular strains of "The Maiden's Prayer"

floating up through the floor, from the piano in the sitting-room below. She jumped up, threw a shawl over her nightgown, and hurried down-stairs trembling. There was nobody in the sitting-room, the piano was silent. She ran to Mrs. Dent's bedroom, and called hysterically:

"Emeline! Emeline!"

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dent's voice from the bed. The voice was stern, but had a note of consciousness in it.

"Who—who was that playing 'The Maiden's Prayer' in the sitting-room, on the piano?"

"I didn't hear anybody."

"There was some one."

"I didn't hear anything."

"I tell you there was some one. But—*there ain't anybody there.*"

"I didn't hear anything."

"I did—somebody playing 'The Maiden's Prayer' on the piano. Has Agnes got home? *I want to know.*"

"Of course Agnes hasn't got home," answered Mrs. Dent with rising inflection. "Be you gone crazy over that girl? The last boat from Porter's Falls was in before we went to bed. Of course she ain't come."

"I heard——"

"You were dreaming."

"I wasn't, I was broad awake."

Rebecca went back to her chamber, and kept her lamp burning all night.

The next morning her eyes upon Mrs. Dent were wary and blazing with suppressed excitement. She kept opening her mouth as if to speak, then frowning, and setting her lips hard. After breakfast she went up-stairs, and came down presently with her coat and bonnet. "Now, Emeline," she said, "I want to know where the Slocums live."

Mrs. Dent gave a curious, long, half-lidded glance at her. She was finishing her coffee. "Why?" she asked.

"I'm going over there, and find out if they have heard anything from her daughter and Agnes since they went away. I don't like what I heard last night."

"You must have been dreaming."

"It don't make any odds whether I was or not. Does she play 'The Maiden's Prayer' on the piano, I want to know?"

"What if she does? She plays it a little, I believe. I don't know. She don't half play it anyhow; she ain't got an ear."

"That wasn't half played last night. I don't like such things happening. I ain't superstitious, but I don't like it. I'm going. Where do the Slocums live?"

"You go down the road over the bridge, past the old grist mill, then you turn to the left; it's the only house for half a mile. You can't miss it. It has a barn with a ship in full sail on the cupola."

"Well, I'm going. I don't feel easy."

About two hours later Rebecca returned. There were red spots on her cheeks. She looked wild. "I've been there," she said, "and there isn't a soul at home. Something *has* happened."

"What has happened?"

"I don't know. Something. I had a warning last night. There wasn't a soul there. They've been sent for to Lincoln."

"Did you see anybody to ask?" asked Mrs. Dent with thinly-concealed anxiety.

"I asked the woman that lives on the turn of the road. She's stone deaf. I suppose you know. She listened while I screamed at her to know where the Slocums were, and then she said, 'Mrs. Smith don't live here.' Her name was Wetherthed. I didn't see anybody on the road, and that's the only house. What do you suppose it means?"

"I don't suppose it means much of anything," replied Mrs. Dent coolly. "Mr. Slocum is conductor on the railroad, and he'd be away anyway, and Mrs. Slocum often goes early when he does, to spend the day with her sister in Porter's Falls. She'd be more likely to go away than Addie."

"And you don't think anything has happened?" Rebecca asked with diminishing distrust before the reasonableness of it.

"Land, no!"

Rebecca went up-stairs to lay aside her coat and bonnet. But she came hurrying back with them still on. "Who's been in my room?" she gasped. Her face was pale as ashes.

Mrs. Dent also paled as she regarded her. "What do you mean?" she asked slowly.

"I found when I went up-stairs that—little nightgown of—Agnes's on—the bed, laid out. It was—*laid out*. The sleeves were folded across the bosom, and there was that little red rose between them. Emeline, what is it? Emeline, what's the matter? Oh!"

Mrs. Dent was struggling for breath in

great, choking gasps. She clung to the back of a chair. Rebecca, trembling herself so she could scarcely keep on her feet, got her some water.

As soon as she recovered herself, Mrs. Dent regarded her with eyes full of the strangest mixture of fear and horror and hostility.

"What do you mean talking so?" she said in a hard voice.

"It is *there*."

"Nonsense. You threw it down, and it fell that way."

"It was folded in my bureau drawer."

"It couldn't have been."

"Who picked that red rose?"

"Look on the bush," Mrs. Dent replied shortly.

Rebecca looked at her, her mouth gaped. She hurried out of the room. When she came back, her eyes seemed to protrude. (She had in the meantime hastened up-stairs, and come down with tottering steps, clinging to the banisters.)

"Now I want to know what all this means?" she demanded.

"What what means?"

"The rose is on the bush, and it's gone from the bed in my room! Is this house haunted, or what?"

"I don't know anything about a house being haunted. I don't believe in such things. Be you crazy?" Mrs. Dent spoke with gathering force. The color flashed back to her cheeks.

"No," said Rebecca shortly, "I ain't crazy yet, but I shall be if this keeps on much longer. I'm going to find out where that girl is before night."

Mrs. Dent eyed her. "What be you going to do?"

"I'm going to Lincoln."

A faintly triumphant smile overspread Mrs. Dent's large face.

"You can't," said she, "there ain't any train."

"No train?"

"No, there ain't any afternoon train from the Falls to Lincoln, only one back."

"Then I'm going over to the Slocums again to-night."

However, Rebecca did not go; such a rain came up as deterred even her resolution, and she had only her best dresses with her. Then in the evening came the letter from the Michigan village which she had left nearly a week ago. It was from her cousin,

a single woman, who had come to keep her house while she was away. It was a pleasant, unexciting letter enough, all the first of it, and related mostly how she missed Rebecca; how she hoped she was having pleasant weather and kept her health; and how her friend, Mrs. Greenaway, had come to stay with her since she had felt lonesome the first night in the house; how she hoped Rebecca would have no objections to this, although nothing had been said about it, since she had not realized that she might be nervous alone. The cousin was painfully conscientious, hence the letter. Rebecca smiled in spite of her disturbed mind as she read it, then her eye caught the postscript. That was in a different hand, purporting to be written by the friend, Mrs. Hannah Greenaway, informing her that the cousin had fallen down the cellar stairs and broken her hip, and was in a dangerous condition, and begging Rebecca to return at once, as she herself was rheumatic and unable to nurse her properly, and no one else could be obtained.

Rebecca looked at Mrs. Dent, who had come to her room with the letter quite late; it was half-past nine, and she had gone up-stairs for the night."

"Where did this come from?" she asked.

"Mr. Amblecrom brought it," she replied.

"Who's he?"

"The postmaster. He often brings the letters that come on the late mail. He knows I ain't anybody to send. He brought yours about your coming. He said he and his wife came over on the ferry-boat with you."

"I remember him," Rebecca replied shortly. "There's bad news in this letter."

Mrs. Dent's face took on an expression of serious inquiry.

"Yes, my Cousin Harriet has fallen down the cellar stairs—they were always dangerous—and she's broken her hip, and I've got to take the first train home to-morrow."

"You don't say so. I'm dreadful sorry."

"No, you ain't sorry!" said Rebecca, with a look as if she leaped. "You're glad. I don't know why, but you're glad. You've wanted to get rid of me for some reason ever since I came. I don't know why. You're a strange woman. Now you've got your way, and I hope you're satisfied."

"How you talk." Mrs. Dent spoke in a faintly injured voice, but there was a light in her eyes.

"I talk the way it is. Well, I'm going to-morrow morning, and I want you, just as soon as Agnes Dent comes home, to send her out to me. Don't you wait for anything. You pack what clothes she's got, and don't wait even to mend them, and you buy her ticket. I'll leave the money, and you send her along. She don't have to change cars. You start her off, when she gets home, on the next train!"

"Very well," replied the other woman. She had an expression of covert amusement.

"Mind you do it."

"Very well, Rebecca."

Rebecca started on her journey the next morning. When she arrived, two days later, she found her cousin in perfect health. She found, moreover, that the friend had not written the postscript in the cousin's letter. Rebecca would have returned to Ford's Village the next morning, but the fatigue and nervous strain had been too much for

her. She was not able to move from her bed. She had a species of low fever induced by anxiety and fatigue. But she could write, and she did, to the Slocums, and she received no answer. She also wrote to Mrs. Dent; she even sent numerous telegrams, with no response. Finally she wrote to the postmaster, and an answer arrived by the first possible mail. The letter was short, curt, and to the purpose. Mr. Amblecrom, the postmaster, was a man of few words, and especially wary as to his expressions in a letter. "Dear madam," he wrote, "your favor rec'd. No Slocums in Ford's Village. All dead. Addie ten years ago, her mother two years later, her father, five. House vacant. Mrs. John Dent said to have neglected stepdaughter. Girl was sick. Medicine not given. Talk of taking action. Not enough evidence. House said to be haunted. Strange sights and sounds. Your niece, Agnes Dent, died a year ago, about this time.

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS AMBLECROM."

TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

BY AN AUTHOR.

VI. THE SECESSION OF POLLY.

TO be privileged guests in the house of a loved friend is the surest emancipation we can ever enjoy in this life from the innumerable burdens of life itself. Nothing comes so near to shuffling off the mortal coils and cares, without abandoning the senses.

The world of Duty is just now praising the nobility of Service, and very rightly, too. But to some of us, now and then, there come times when the service stops for a while and we are served. These are the spots in our worrying lives where we rest and say to ourselves with transient delight, "Are they not all ministering spirits?"

The Doctor's spacious establishment, so majestically curtained from the world by Nature herself, seemed to have been put at her disposal. He had drawn the mountains round about him and sat down to pleasant dreams. But there were no secrets about

it; no privacies, and best of all, no mysteries, unless we brought them with us. The broad hospitality of the place, like the smiling candor of his handsome old face, had the continual air of open arms, and seemed to be saying, "Do as you please. It will be entirely safe, only don't bother."

I sat in his spacious library one night, shortly after our arrival. The doors were shut and the windows were open. He had stretched himself on a lounge. We could hear the softened voices of youth at the other end of the house singing some of the old war songs, and the notes of the piano tinkled in between. We were farther away from their thoughts than the length of the house.

"So your solitary scion is beginning to worry you," said the Doctor.

"No, no," I said. "I have not lost any sleep. He has amused me by falling into

the inevitable nonsense of immaturity. If I did not feel able to pull him out, I should ask you for a sedative."

"Let's come at it directly," said the Doctor. "That's the best way, seeing that you have asked my advice. You are anxious to marry him off with your prudence, instead of letting him marry himself off with his impulses. In other words, you have come to be a damned old matchmaking dotard, and cannot let things take their course."

"Oh, pardon me, you are heaping too much distinction on me, to say nothing of expletives."

"Distinction! Great Scott! Don't flatter yourself. I am getting to be the same sort of a dotard myself. It's one of the discouragements of life that when you give over worrying about marrying yourself, you must begin to worry about getting other people married. You have a nuisance—I speak physiologically—that has to be abated by natural means. So have I. Yours is masculine, or will be in time. Mine is feminine, which, so far as responsibility goes, is a distinction without a difference. Perhaps if we could consolidate the two idiocies, they might have strength enough between them to walk off and relieve us both."

"Are you speaking of Io?" I asked with genuine surprise.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I have clung tenaciously all my life to the theory that these things regulate themselves much better than we can regulate them. Now, I have arrived at a point of dotage where I must abandon my theory and begin to do a little regulating myself. That girl is part of the estate. My sister there is responsible for her. That is to say, the original responsibility was hers, and she bore it with the usual feminine ignorance of consequences. When this thousand acres fell to her from her husband, she became a little involved, naturally enough for a woman whose kindly disposition was better able to manage acres than acres, and, as you probably know, when I was ready to retire, I pulled her out by buying a half interest and taking the whole tract on my shoulders. You see, her half interest will go to the girl, and as neither I nor my sister can reasonably expect to keep up this jog trot many more years, and I have put in about twenty-five thousand dollars, I am naturally a little anxious to see the concern fall into hands that will carry out my plans."

"And have you any misgivings as to Miss Io's desire or ability to go on with your work? She appears to be a young woman of much character and promise."

"Now, see here! Io is an estimable blossom, as girls go, but I do not have to tell you that a woman of her make-up isn't built to have her own way, even if by any possibility a way should be prepared for her. Her mission in life is to attract a stronger will than her own, and then submit to it. Ordinarily this would be none of my business, but as she is a residuary legatee, I find I am becoming, on business principles, an infernal old matchmaker myself."

"Yes, I see. May I ask if there are any indications that the legatee is thinking of bringing a partner into the concern?"

The Doctor, who had been lying at full length, sat up and, resting his forearms on his knees, leaned toward me with a new and confidential earnestness, at the same time softening the tones of his voice.

"Io," said he, "is a fine girl, as the phrase goes, but she has no initiative and no resisting power. Some day the executive will, disguised in sentiment, turn up and inform her what her destiny is, and she will accept it as gospel truth without any guarantee."

"And you are desirous of preventing it?"

"Preventing it? Heavenly smoke, man, do you suppose that I am such a condign booby as that? I want to bring it on. You never fight a prairie fire with water."

"Ah, no," I said. "You light another fire."

"Well, it has just occurred to me, that as you and I are both threatened in our camps, we might——"

"Light two fires," I said.

"I am not going into the incendiary business directly, but as we both have the inflammable material, I was thinking that if it came together there might be some spontaneous combustion."

I began to laugh. "I see you understand my case better than I suspected," I said.

"Oh, yours is a common case enough," he replied. "But try and understand mine. In the first place, the camps must be consumed at some time—that's inevitable. It is simply a question of directing the conflagration and not having any more smoke

and ashes than is necessary. I don't say this is pleasant or commendable business for men of our age. But if we haven't any old women about capable of doing it for us, heavenly smoke, man, I suppose we must try our hands at it."

"Are you sure there is anything to do? Judging from appearances, we ought to be delightfully superfluous."

"Pardon me a moment," he said, "if I clear up matters. I haven't told you what I am doing here."

"My dear Doctor," I said, "it wasn't necessary. You are doing what no other man that I know of ever succeeded in doing. You have kept your ideals of peace and rest till the decline of life, and then let them realize themselves."

"Pickles and persimmons. You talk as if I had got myself into a hermetically sealed casket. I retired on ten thousand a year in secure four-per-cents. There's nothing very ideal about that. My ten thousand a year disappears here regularly to help other people. But a man cannot guarantee his work after his hand is removed."

I expressed some surprise, and he added: "I am without other kith or kin, as the old phrase goes, than the two women in this house, and without the least disparagement of either of them, I don't suppose they are any more fit to carry on the work I have been doing here than I am to make faith cures. I have been all my life working for other people, and I'm running this place for other people."

"Does it make you happy?"

"It makes seven families comfortable, and, rightly viewed, that ought to make me happy, I suppose. I'll take you over the place and show you."

"It is truly philanthropic."

"Truly moonshine. There's no philanthropy in making other people work, and supplying the shortage, and doing the scolding. Still, if that boy of yours should by any possibility get warmed up, down here, to a practical view of things, it might be providential."

"Why providential?"

"Providential because he will have ten thousand a year to pour in when I have got through, and thus prevent some unknown quantity from undoing my work. I suppose you have seen enough to satisfy you that the heiress will not die an old maid."

"Doctor," I said, "you have omitted

any mention of the other girl in your establishment."

"Oh, the other girl is an incident. I am talking about the fixtures of the estate. The other girl doesn't count."

At that moment the voices came to us from the parlor woven into some old trio. We both listened. Something of the characters of the three personages was suggested in the tones. There was a rich accenting contralto heard in a voluptuous undercurrent, some uneven dabs of tenor, a little uncertain, and over all a clear, unfettered soprano dominating with pitch and volubility; running along, in fact, as if challenging the other parts to catch up with it, and ending in a roulade of laughter.

I looked at the Doctor. He was not affected in a similar manner, for he said:

"You see it was only fair to tell you what had occurred to my mind."

"I think I understand you," I said, "and I see no reason why we should not contemplate the progress of events conjointly. Suppose you tell me something about the unknown quantity."

"We have some neighbors," he replied, "who are landed proprietors, and others who make flying trips down here in the summer in search of sport, but as they are my guests at various times, I guess I will leave you to use your own eyes and judgment."

At that moment Polly pushed the door open with her foot, and came in bearing a tray upon which were a bowl of nuts, a bottle of sherry, and wineglasses."

"I suppose," she said, "you were beginning to wonder why I hadn't interrupted you before."

"You?" said the Doctor, who had evidently not finished his confidences. "Put that down on the table, and go and get me a small box of light Havanas that is on my dressing case."

She tossed her head rather saucily.

"I will send your servant, sahib," she said, turning to make a flying exit.

But he got an arm about her, and gave her a little hug, which I thought he might have omitted in my presence.

"Bob can stand smoke like a squaw," he said, "but she resents my orders. Great Caesar, girl, if I didn't have you to explode against, you unmitigable little snipe, I'd be worse than wet gunpowder. Now go and fetch the small box like a good girl, and

you shall crack the nuts for us, and we'll drink your blessed health, which is getting to be a terrible burden to everybody but me, you incorrigible, stuck-up banshee—remember, the small box."

She gave me one glance as she disappeared. It was singularly legible, and it said: "You see how the Mogul all went out of him at the slightest resistance. Talk about wet gunpowder."

The Doctor relapsed at once into the theme which Polly had disturbed without dislodging.

"Old man," he said—and "old man" was his favorite term of confidence—"old man, at our age neither you nor I am going into the matchmaking business, but it seems to me the depth of hoary imbecility for one man to be going about with an interrogation in his keeping, and the other man guarding the answer to it, and both of them looking askance at each other."

Our heads had come pretty close together, and our voices had sunk to undertones. When Polly came in with the box of cigars, I think we both straightened up a little as if caught unawares.

"Gracious," she said, "I ought to have knocked."

"What are they doing out there in the parlor?" asked the Doctor.

She looked sidewise out the door, as if it were necessary to ascertain.

"They are together turning over a pile of old music."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it's pretty old stuff, I suppose."

"I guess so," said Polly, "but it answers its purpose just as well as new."

"Very well, don't disturb them," said the Doctor, prying open the cigar box with a paper knife. "You serve our wine. What did you bring that pony glass for?"

"You said you were going to drink my health, and I supposed I would have to be in it modestly."

"So you shall," coming down at once to a familiar courtliness. "Here's to your dauntless vitality. As it couldn't be worse, may it never be less. You were born to defy all doctors in general, and one Doctor in particular."

Whereupon he drank off his sherry with a fine, old-fashioned smack, and the minx at the table, looking through her tiny glass with one eye, said:

"I seem to be drinking to my own mis-

fortunes, but I go you." Whereupon she sipped the wine, and made a face.

"Now sit down and suppress yourself," said the Doctor, "and we'll let you into the private council. I have just been telling my old friend here that there are no secrets in this house. Do you understand? He is a privileged guest. He is to have whatever he takes a fancy to. If he wants the key of the wine-cellar, it must be taken up to his room. If he should take a notion to marry the young lady of the house, not a word must be said."

"Not even by the young lady herself?" asked Polly with genuine surprise.

"Well, you see, she isn't as anxious to say things as you are, my dear," continued the Doctor. "My friend here is a good deal like myself; he takes great pride in his dignity and decorum as a father, and insists on all the small proprieties——"

"Oh, come now," I interrupted, seeing that the young lady was making some ironical comments on this speech with her eyebrows and the corners of her mouth, "you are putting me in a false light; yes, you are. Bob and I understood each other at the first jump. Confound the small proprieties where everything is on so large a scale."

"Tush, tush! old man. I never could keep more than one eye on Bob, but now that you are here, she ought to see that there are two on her. When you understand him better, my dear," he said, turning to Polly, "you will see that he doesn't do things rashly like young men."

"You mean," said Polly, "that he doesn't wade in at the first invitation."

I laughed boisterously, but the Doctor regarded her seriously. "Wade in, my child?" he said. "If there is anything that my friend dislikes it is slang, and especially New York slang."

"Doctor," I said, making one of those plunges that divert if they do not relieve one's conscience, "did Polly come from New York?"

"Where she came from," he replied, "does not appear to me at this moment to be so exigent as the where she is driving at, if you will pardon that form of speech."

"Let me ask you one other question. Did you show her that letter I wrote you?"

The Doctor took his cigar from his mouth, and looked at me in undisguised astonishment.

But Polly got ahead of him. "The Doctor," she said, "is not in the habit of showing his private letters, and what is more to the point, nobody in the house would read one if he left it open on the table."

That this was jumping behind my question to the real import of it, my cheek must have betrayed to her. But I admired her sudden assumption of dignity even more than I had admired her badinage.

"My dear girl," I said, "you told me that you could be mean if you tried. It wasn't necessary to prove it by thinking me capable of such a suspicion."

I thought this embodied enough of compliment and apology to turn away the wrath of the baggage, but when I looked at her, she had her head up, her under lip was drawn in, and there was a scintillant drop in the corner of her eye, as I live.

The Doctor was lying back, rolling out a perfectly disinterested column of smoke.

"Gentlemen," said Polly, "I wish you good-night."

And out she marched like a *vivandière*.

"You are not as old as I am," said the Doctor, contemplating the ceiling.

"No," I said; "I appear to be young enough to have made what we call in New York a bad break. I must have offended her. Wait a moment. I'll ask her pardon, and bring her back."

Whereupon I started in pursuit of her. But I could not catch her. I ran up the stairs, saw a flash of white skirt as a door was opened and shut quickly, and fancied I heard the click of a key.

"It is very ridiculous," I said to myself, as I came slowly back, "to be jumping about in this juvenile fashion after that petticoat. Confound her elusive airs—what am I thinking about!" When I had re-seated myself, the Doctor, still contemplating the ceiling, said:

"Let me see, how old *are* you, anyway?"

"I suppose I did act like a boy."

"More like a trout, when he sees a glittering fly," observed the Doctor. "I should suppose that you had learned by this time that nothing hurts a young woman so much as to discover that she is not the one who is going to be married off."

"Then she must have known what we were talking about."

"My dear fellow, if there is anything in this house that Bob doesn't know all about,

you can make up your mind it isn't worth knowing."

Then he dismissed the subject peremptorily.

Several days passed in this uneventful manner, the Doctor carrying me into all the byways of his domain, and pointing out with admirable patience the multitudinous details of the estate, which I saw with much the same pleasure that one experiences in looking at a vast piece of machinery that does its prodigious work noiselessly. How smooth and systematic and unobtrusively the great farm and the great park came together without the observer being able to tell where one melted into the other, making of thrift and luxury a rare marriage of content! As for the Doctor, he was like the master of the machine, who stands by to keep his eye on the gearing and bearings, only adding a drop of oil here and there, and all the hard work is done easily and continuously under the steady gaze of intelligence.

In the afternoons—what drowsy, fragrant afternoons they were—I was left to my siesta, or allowed to read in the Doctor's well-stocked library, where the sun came in broken and dancing lights through the rose vines, and sometimes I could hear over the drone of the bees the murmur of voices on the Rose Bench, and knew that Charlie and Io were weaving their own spell, so I was content.

Into the slumbrous restfulness of the place came Io's admirers with pleasant disturbance. I could see them from the window ride up and make their courtly obeisance on the big veranda, gallant fellows enough, in corduroy breeches and gay sporting coats, with large, exuberant carelessness, mingling formal politeness with freedom of demeanor, and acting altogether like city men who have left metropolitan restraints behind. It was plain that they were tolerated by the Doctor's generous hospitality, and that they made the most of it without penetrating very deep into his domesticity, or drawing him familiarly into their group. They regarded our *ménage* with good-natured familiarity, but it was evident enough that there was only one real object of interest in the place. One of these summer neighbors had been introduced to me as Mr. Berwick Fancher, and his personality outranked the others in quantity rather than in quality. There was so much more of him. He knew

my sister, Mrs. Dewey, very well; was glad to meet a city man so far away from his base; how did I fill in the time; if it grew heavy, hoped I would come up to the club house; there were some extra flies and rods there, and a rack of good fowling-pieces, and then he stalked off as if he had exhausted the polite *répertoire*. It required a constant exercise of one's self-conscious dignity to withstand this magnificent impact of health and egotism. Mr. Fancher's heartiness was entirely dynamic, and was probably not intended to be supercilious, but overweening physical health sometimes manages to be both. His broad shoulders, square face, massive jaw, heavy jet-black whiskers and handsome, sparkling brown eye, made an *ensemble* of virility that overrode everything. I think sensibility invariably shrank a little at his personal momentum, for there was an irresistible *puissance* in his vibrant bass voice and his sinewy step. That it was Io who attracted him to our otherwise unattractive group he took no pains to conceal.

This young man's father had more than once flitted across my view at the club. I remembered that Major Downs held him in great estimation, as, in fact, did a very large circle of men, for no other apparent reason than that he was able to buy them all up. As to how the elder Fancher made his money, proper form never permitted us to inquire. If that matter was discussed at all, it was discussed among the dowagers whose social bait the son had refused to nibble. It was very certain that the son had fallen into the worst of all human habits, which is the habit of obtaining all that one desires. Perhaps my passing interest in him sprang from a parental pride in my own offspring, and I will not deny that I had a little anxiety, if not resentment, at the self-complacent manner in which obstreperous health planted both its feet into a demesne that the Doctor and I had staked out between us.

I was walking on the big porch one morning just after breakfast, wondering what had become of Polly, and expecting every moment that she would flutter out of the hall lightly, and, catching me by the arm, again add buoyancy and intimacy to my exercise, when Mr. Fancher arrived quite spectacularly on a splendid black animal, accompanied by a mounted groom who led an extra horse. He came up to the porch in fine

style. He had changed his jaunty white corduroy jacket for a Prince Albert coat, and wore a silk hat. His salutation to me was not lacking in politeness, but I thought it was tinged with a slight air of supererogation. "Miss Io," he said, "promised to try this Morgan horse. We are going to take a five-mile dash. A capital morning for a run, eh?"

Then he ignored me entirely in the inspection of the animal, so that I continued my walk with a half-conscious duty to let him see that his arrangements were of no especial interest to me. But I could not help wondering if Io—Io with those drooping lids—would not accept this man's coercive masculinity as irresistible. I had seen such women before. Their weight of loveliness destroyed their resistance. I slipped away to the library and watched her come out in a riding-habit and wait for Boylston to bring her side-saddle. She was animated and flushed, and I remarked that Mr. Fancher was not restrained by any idolatrous delicacy. As the little cavalcade rode away, Charlie came up just in time to see them issue at the gate into the highway. If he had a spark of his father's enthusiasm, he must have admired the beauty with such a mount as she galloped out of sight. He leaned against one of the pillars of the veranda gazing after her, and if you will pardon that kind of dotage which in a parent is not the result of age, I must acknowledge that he for the moment appeared somewhat inadequate to the situation. How, I asked myself, was that slender and sensitive youth, who had never been allowed to put one foot beyond the limits of a delicate *noblesse oblige*, to grapple with this lusty Lochinvar who would ride up and carry off the maiden under his eyes by sheer strength and audacity.

I would have given a great deal if I could have told by Charlie's pensive attitude if he was thinking of the beauty who had galloped away or of some girl in New York. There was a keen little reproach in the reflection that I might have set a trap for him only to see him uselessly caught and mangled. If he had already been smitten by this beauty—and Heaven knows no man could blame him for that—how was I to assist him? I had always come to his rescue promptly. Must I stand by now and pity him? The Doctor was averse to intrigues; at least, he pretended that in such

matters it was safe to let the best man win. There was nobody in the establishment that a doting father could confide in.

Bless my soul, yes, there was—there was Polly. What quick work her nimble wit would make of that overbearing masculinity. What *finesse*, what intuition, what quick discernment, and Polly had almost precipitated herself at me. What aid and comfort that little diplomatist might be to a—well, to a doting person.

I got up and strode out again upon the porch.

"Halloo, my boy," I cried, "what's the matter?"

"Matter," he said, "with me?"

"Yes, you look lonesome."

"More than usual?" he asked.

"What's become of Miss Polly?"

"Miss Polly—why, I understand that she's gone."

"Gone?" I almost gasped. "Gone where?"

He turned away, but I got in front of him.

"How do you know she has gone?" I asked.

"I heard it mentioned. I supposed you knew it."

"What did she go for?"

"Perhaps there wasn't any adequate reason for her staying."

There was something like evasion in his manner and answers, and I did not like it.

"Look here, Comrade," I said, "if you have done anything or said anything to drive that girl away, hang me if I don't hunt her up and make an apology."

This conversation was broken into by the appearance of "Mother," who came out smilingly with her two fingers on her mouth. I came at her directly. "Madame," I said, "what has become of Polly?"

The dear old lady had her eyes on the highway, and I could see that her mind was there also. Polly was of little account to her at that moment.

"Miss Polly," she said, "has gone to her cousin's over at The Clove. We never can tell just what that young lady will do next."

"Delightful," I said. "She is liable to come back at any moment."

"Well, I don't know. She sent for her trunk last night, and the Doctor refused to

let it go. It wasn't very nice of her to go off in that manner when she knew I had company. She's as independent as if she was hired."

It did not become me to take advantage of this kind old lady's garrulity to gratify my curiosity, but I could not help venturing to remark that I hoped the Doctor would hold fast to her trunk, for it would be a pity to lose sight entirely of such a sprightly young woman.

"Yes, she is sprightly enough," said the Mother. "There's nothing the matter with her sprightliness, I'm sure. She keeps us all on the twitter, but girls will be girls, you know, or they wouldn't have a chance to kiss and make up."

I was not disposed to agree with her final decision. Some girls I was inclined to think must be witches, but as we were obviously not thinking of the same girl, I moved my chair around so that I could see the beauty and her cavalier reënter the gate on their return, merely remarking that the young ladies were so much attached to each other that I should think Miss Io would miss Polly.

"Yes, I guess she knows that we miss her. The Doctor said this morning that a breakfast without Polly was like trying to shave with cold water."

While we sat there our equestrians returned. They came in at the gate with much more pageantry than they were aware of, and the old lady fairly beamed with admiration. As soon as Io was dismounted, her cavalier, with a sweep of his hat, put spurs to his horse, and he and his groom went thundering off. It was like a page of Froissart. The first thing that Miss Io said as she mounted the steps was, "Has Polly come back?"

It thus became evident to me that the whole household wanted Polly back again, and I made up my mind that I would find Charlie, who had wandered off somewhere, and then see if we could find the house at The Clove, and, if possible, bring her back. In my search for Charlie, I ran upon the Doctor in the trees, and told him frankly what I intended to do. To my surprise he said: "Very good. I will go with you. I want to give her a piece of my mind. If you feel like it, we will walk there. It is only a couple of miles."

(To be continued.)

A LASSO DUEL.

A STORY OF THE SHEEP-SHEARING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

BY WILLIAM BULFIN ("CHE BUONO.")

THE shearing was in full blast. The creamy, silky fleeces of the Merinos rolled their greasy folds on the boarded floor of the vast shed as they fell under the snick-snick of a hundred pairs of shears. The Gaucho shearers, men and women, chatted merrily to each other in their musical Argentine Spanish as they bent over their work. From the corral came the barking of the well-trained dogs and the low thunder of the flying feet as the catchers deftly raced a new batch of a few hundred panting, lazy sheep into the pens. The men behind the long wool-table perspired freely as they passed their neatly tied fleeces to the packers, and the packers perspired more freely still as they carried their burden to the scales before stowing it away on the tops of the already immense piles. Through the narrow doors and windows on the left could be seen the green gloom of the eucalyptus grove which shaded the estancia houses. Away in front, and also on the right, over the corral, as far as the eye could reach, the green, treeless, level expanse of the pampa lay throbbing under the blue sky and the dazzling, fizzling sunshine of late November. The purple haze of the summer blurred the sky-line to the east, while along the horizon in the opposite direction the westing sun banked up a first-class mirage over the blistering thistle clumps.

The major-domo stood in one of the doorways of the shed, riding-whip in hand. He had just come from a gallop of inspection down the camp, and was throwing his practised eye over the floor to see how matters were progressing. In the midst of the shearers stood the burly Irish-Argentine *capataz* (foreman) vigilantly superintending the work. Seeing that the major-domo had returned, he looked at him for a moment, as etiquette demanded, in order to be informed whether his chief wished to speak with him; and in response to a scarcely

perceptible nod accompanied by a slight gesture of the hand, he left his place and approached the door.

"Well, James," said the chief, "how are things?"

"Not so bad, Don Eduardo," replied the *capataz* in accents as round and rich as if he had been born in Westmeath instead of on the pampa. "Not so bad. We've cleaned off three thousand already, and we're good for another eight hundred before sundown."

"That's good," said the chief as he stooped and carefully picked up a curl of wool which the breeze was carrying through the doorway. "Wire in to them like one o'clock, James, while this weather lasts. We must do our best to finish before the end of the month. How are these folks working for you?"

"Fairly well, on the whole. Of course, the two weeks of wet weather and lolling about made them a bit lazy; but to-day they seem to be putting more of their backs into what they do. We had a little unpleasantness here since you went away, but——"

"Eh—yes? What was it?" queried the manager, his brows knitting.

"I had to take the shears from Gomez and suspend him for the day."

"Gomez? Which Gomez?"

"Esteban."

"Oh, that fellow, eh? At his old tricks again, I suppose?—gamble all night and shirk all day."

"No, Don Eduardo, not that."

"Drunk, then? You don't mean to say that any scoundrel has been bringing drink about the place?"

"Not that I know of. Gomez wasn't drunk. The trouble began about that old Josefa's girl."

"Hum!" growled the chief, pursing his lips and shaking his head. "It is always the same with those girl shearers. They are more trouble than anything else."

James kept his sharp gray eyes on the shearers, and called to order a lady of color who was about to let go a sheep with the leg-wool unshorn; and after he had eased his mind on the question, he said to his superior:

"You are partly right, Don Eduardo, but what would you have? These folks will not come without their women, and there is no doubt that a few girl shearers, if at all manageable, keep the floor lively, and attract to the place hands that might otherwise remain away."

"And this Josefa's girl?" asked the chief. "Is she an angel in disguise, then, or what?"

"Well, I must say," responded the worthy James, shaking his head doubtfully, "she's the very mischief. I'm afraid she'll make plenty of trouble for us before the shearing is over. I didn't like the look of that Gomez when he was leaving the floor this afternoon—I didn't like it at all, at all!"

"But what is the history of this Gomez business, anyhow? Who is to blame?" and the chief's jaw shut like a trap, and his chin stood out.

"Well, you see," explained James, "the girl was a bit civil to Gomez, and a bit civil to that young idiot Ramon, and during those wet days when there was nothing else to do she played a good deal with both of them. Gomez got jealous of Ramon, and the more jealous he got the more favor she showed to the other. Look at her now! There she is over by the front door with Ramon. Look how she makes sheep's eyes at him. That is the way she has been carrying on since breakfast time. Gomez was trying to get her all to himself, but she flouted him before all the world and took on with Ramon. So then Gomez became sulky, and began hacking the sheep in such a way, and giving back answers when I spoke to him about it, that, not to have to knock the daylights out of him, I took his shears until to-morrow."

"And then?"

"Then he left the floor in a rage, and swore that he would not shear again for a week. I told him that I would tell you about it, and he said that both you and I could go hang."

"He did, eh?" and the manager ground his heel into the floor with vexation, for authority is everything where there are one

hundred Argentine shearers at work, and the man to hold them in order must suffer no loss of prestige. Don Eduardo knew this, and he said:

"This won't do, James. You should have knocked him down right off the reel or sent immediately to look for me. We can't afford to have any love-sick skulkers around this establishment. Where is he now?"

"He is over there at the corral, where he has just shut in his horses. I expect he is going to do a little work on his own account. I notice that he is training a few young ones of the Peralta mark, and very likely he is going to give some of them a gallop."

"I'll gallop him presently," said the chief as he turned and strode towards his reeking horse, while James proceeded to heave a well-assorted collection of Spanish expletives at an ill-tempered shearer who was kicking a refractory wether into a properly submissive frame of mind.

Old Josefa's girl and young Ramon, meanwhile, were carrying on a violent flirtation. They had already begun to shear in partnership. The girl was merely shearing the necks and sides, and Ramon was finishing off the rest. He was doing more than his share, but it pleased him, and it suited the girl. It also suited old Josefa. The shearers were paid five dollars per hundred, and she knew her girl would, with less labor, have a larger tally at the end of the day by shearing in partnership with Ramon than if she were to do the work by herself. Of course it was a sacrifice on Ramon's part, for he was doing far more than half of the work, but that was Ramon's affair.

"*Que, caramba!*" said old Josefa to herself, "is he not in love? And when the young fellows are in that state they are fools, and fools are to be fleeced while their folly lasts, eh?" Old Josefa was practical. She had passed through a good deal of camp life, and knew her way about her little world.

Josefa's girl was not a dazzling beauty, nor did the greasy rags which constituted her shearing costume show off her form and features to the best advantage. She was only eighteen years of age, and was a *morenita*,* which means that her firm, velvety skin was even darker than the olive

* *Morenita* means olive-complexioned, with the olive tint well pronounced.

tinge. Her mischievous, challenging eyes were black, and so was her crispy hair. She was a buxom, well-built, hardy young person, who could shear with her left hand just as well as with her right. Some of her blood was Indian and some of it was African. The rest was creole. She was a child of the pampa, and had no wish to be anything else. In the eyes of her pampa-born admirers, and they were legion, she was a beauty, and that was enough for her. They were lovers after her own heart, those Gaucho rough riders. She knew they were capable of cutting one another's throats for her sake, and the thought pleased her.

Ramon was just the sort of youth to captivate her fancy—a Gaucho of the Gauchos. He was scarcely twenty years of age, but he had graduated with high honors in the school of the pampas. He was by trade a cattle-trooper and horse-trainer like his rival, Gomez, and like most of the men around him. He was a shearer for the moment like them, not because he liked the work, but because shearing is a time of horse-racing, gambling, love-making, dancing, and devilment, as well as of toil. He was the best dancer in the district. He could improvise verses and sing them to the accompaniment of his guitar. It was he who had subdued Blanco's *bagual*,* the horse that killed two rough riders outright and disabled a third for life. He had trooped cattle to the Buenos Ayres market, and could talk of having seen the wondrous sights of the city. He was swarthy, but the blood of youth and health showed through the brown on his cheeks. Clean-limbed as a young stag, lithe, sinewy, above the middle height, and not yet too bow-legged from the saddle, he was a handsome fellow—a *buen mozo* from head to foot. The light of innocence was in his flashing black eyes, the guileless ingenuousness of childhood seemed to linger in his smile, and he was as gay as the summer sunlight on the wavelets of the lagoon. Yet, alas for the deceptiveness of appearance, he was one of the most notorious and incorrigible horse-thieves south of the equator.

His reputation as a horse-thief did not matter a pin's worth to old Josefa's girl, who was the child of a horse-thief herself. She had smiled upon Ramon, and forthwith

he had laid siege to her affections with desperate impetuosity. It is the way of the Gaucho. He burns with a consuming passion until he tastes the joys of possession—and then he burns again, but at the shrine of some other beauty. His love is like the thunderstorm of the summer on his native plains. It is never of very long duration, but while it lasts it is terrific in its fury and force.

That morning Ramon had been one of the first on the floor. He was engaged in picking out a few of the softest-woolled animals from the files of sheep which the catchers had already fettered down, when Gomez came on the scene. The two men had been rivals at the dance the night before for the favors of old Josefa's girl, and Ramon had carried off the honors. The soft-woolled sheep which he was now picking out were for her. Gomez knew this, and it added fuel to the flame of his jealous ire. He caught one of the sheep which the other had parted out and began pulling it across the floor by the fettered legs. It was a direct challenge, and was accepted as such.

"Stop that!" sang out Ramon in his sonorous Spanish, and there was a ring in his voice that was not of peaceful promise.

"What is it, boy?" asked the other. He was older than Ramon by at least ten years, and flung the word "boy" at him in pure derision. Gomez was a noted *compadre* (bully). He was credited with having put three men out of the way, and was always ready for trouble. A big scar ran across his face from his left nostril, and was swallowed up near the high cheek-bone, in the black, bushy beard. As he spoke the taunting word "boy" to his rival he placed his left foot on the neck of the sheep which he had annexed, and stood there tiger-like, gracefully poised, his eyes ablaze, beautiful in his own way, and entirely dangerous.

Ramon did not flinch. He looked Gomez squarely between the eyes and said: "You are not treating with a boy. That sheep is for your betters; leave it alone."

"If you consider it yours, come and take it," retorted Gomez, and he waved his left hand gracefully towards the floor, while he planted his right on his hip, where the tips of his fingers touched his knife-haft.

Ramon made a step forward, but a strong hand grasped his knife-arm and swung him round in the opposite direction. It was

* *Bagual* means a wild horse descended directly from the wild herd that roamed the pampa in the Spanish colonial days and, in some instances, even in recent times.

James, the Irish-Argentine *capataz*, and he vetoed the fight.

"Drop that knife!" he said sternly, shaking the arm he held in a grip of iron. The knife dropped point downward and stuck in the floor. James represented the *patron*. In his command lay the delegated authority of the employer—the only authority that the Gaucho cares a fig for.

As the knife fell, the *capataz* released the arm of the shearer, and turning round, he said to Gomez:

"You're at your old game of bullying again, but it won't do here—see?"

"But, Don Santiago," said the other half apologetically, "that fellow over there," pointing to Ramon, "that saucy youngster has no right to take half the sheep on the floor to himself. It's against the rule. He can only shear one at a time."

"I know that, but you're not the boss of this shed, all the same, and there must be no fighting here. Leave that sheep and take another. Here, you, Pablo" (calling to a graybeard who had just entered the shed), "shear this sheep, and now all hands to work. You, Gomez, must shear at the other end of the floor to-day. Do you hear?"

"Si, señor," answered the bully, and walked to his appointed place without a word. There was no disputing with the *capataz*. He carried neither knife nor pistol, but his word was law. They knew him, and knew what it meant to cross him.

The work proceeded briskly, but the incident was not forgotten. When Josefa's girl came into the shed Ramon captured her, and they began to shear in partnership. Their heads were nearly together, and it was evident that Ramon was in clover. Gomez made several attempts to get her and her mother to go down to his end of the shed, but in vain. At breakfast time Gomez renewed his attentions, but she cut him through and through with a few words.

"I'm not a beauty," he said, "but I'm a man. I have a beard. I'm not a mere boy."

"You have a man's mark on your face anyhow," she said with a sneer, alluding to the scar. He reddened under the stinging gibe, and showed how keenly he felt it.

"The man who gave me that," he growled, "is dead—I killed him."

"While he slept, no doubt," laughed old Josefa's girl, and left him with the wound rankling in his wicked heart.

After breakfast Ramon and the girl were still shearing in partnership, and their heads were closer together than ever. Gomez seeing this, went completely into the tantrums, and showed such a well-developed tendency towards nastiness of all kinds that the *capataz*, as has already been said, suspended him for the day.

The major-domo found Gomez venting his ill temper on a young horse which he was saddling sorely against the will of that terrified animal. Don Eduardo never wasted words; so stooping from his saddle, without dismounting, he pulled down the cross-bars of the corral and rode in.

"I want to know, Gomez," he said in his stern, even tones, "if you have anything to say regarding your conduct this morning?"

There was a wicked, sullen look on the rough rider's face, and his eyes were blood-shot. He did not meet the manager's glance, but shrugging his shoulders, he replied in a growling, uncivil way: "What am I to say, señor? Your *capataz* took my shears from me, and that is all. No doubt he can give you his reasons."

"I know all about that. I know that you were skinning the sheep as well as shearing them, and that you were doing it for spite. But what I want to talk about is your insolence as you left the floor, and I want to know if you are disposed to take back your impertinence."

Gomez was silent.

The chief looked him over for a moment, and repeated his query in more peremptory tones. "You are not going to sleep here, my man, with that insolence to your debit. Take it back or leave. Is that plain?"

"Yes, it is plain," assented the other between his teeth, and with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, "as plain as I want it. I am not one to eat my words, señor, and there is no one here capable of making me do it."

"Very well, then. Go to the office and get your money, if there is any due to you, and let me not find you about the place by sundown. You know what that means, eh?"

"*Está bien*," señor, he said doggedly; "the world is wide, and there are other flocks of sheep in the country than yours. I'll go."

The manager rode away, and Gomez smothered a string of bloody oaths in his beard as he stripped the frightened animal

which he had been about to deal with, slashed it viciously over the eye with his heavy whip-handle, and cursed it as it staggered away from him.

He saddled his best horse, and did it carefully, muttering savagely to himself the while.

"We shall see, my bold Ramon! We shall see, my saucy brat! We shall see, my devil's whelp! We shall find out who is the better man! Oh yes, we shall! And the girl! Ho, my beauty—you sneered at my face, eh? Very well, we shall see about that presently!"

He retied the slip-knots that fastened the *bolas** and lasso to the saddle, and made sure that they could be undone at a moment's notice. Then he led the horse close to the shearing sheds, where there was a row of stakes, and tied it there. In a few minutes he presented himself at the office and got the money due to him.

He was now ready to start, and he went to the shearing floor to take his leave of the crowd. No one could object to that. It was his right. It was Gaucho etiquette. Besides, had he not to ask some of his friends to look after the horses he was leaving behind him for a few days until he should return for them? The sun was high yet, and there was plenty of time. So he strode with a swagger into the shed, and hanging his whip on the haft of his knife, proceeded to roll a cigarette.

He talked meanwhile in the very freest way about his plans. He did not address himself to anybody in particular, but he gave more than one meaning look to where old Josefa's girl and Ramon had their heads together, and every one knew his remarks were meant for them.

Was he going? somebody asked him. Oh yes, he was. He was off to see how the girls looked at the Pacheco shearing. He was that kind, look you—a rover, a fellow who liked to have his fling, a dashing blade who was on the lookout for his match. Some fellows, young beardless whelps especially, imagined that they could teach him how to court a girl, or ride a horse, or handle a lasso, but, bless you, he had a con-

tempt for that sort of cub. He would take the pride out of such insolent brats, but not till they grew up, you know—not till they had beards. For, after all, was it not so? None but he who has beard is a man?

The lean, bent back of Ramon quivered inside his greasy singlet, but otherwise he made no sign. He would settle it all with Gomez afterwards, no doubt, but not now.

And then as to the girls, Gomez went on in his comprehensive way. Look you, he had known scores of them, could pick and choose among the best of them, need not, for his part, pay court to the daughter of any horse-thief, nor make a fool of himself shearing in partnership with the child of any nigger hag. It was so! *Caramba!* it was so! He was Esteban Gomez, look you—a man with a beard, a rider who acknowledged no master, who scorned sucking children—ha—ha—ha! And the fellow laughed immoderately at his own not very brilliant joke.

But nobody else laughed. Every one there knew that the man was up to mischief, and that there was murder in his mirth.

The shears shook in Ramon's hand, but that was all. He would wait, no doubt, until Gomez left the shed—time enough, time enough!

"Well, then, señores all," said Gomez loudly as he threw away his cigarette and gave his belt a hitch. "*Adios!* I'll see you again some of these days."

And with that he took his whip from where it hung behind his back and moved towards the door. With one swift bound he reached Ramon and old Josefa's girl, his eyes flashing and his teeth stripped. The girl saw him coming, but there was no time to prevent him doing what he did. It all happened, too, so rapidly and unexpectedly that every one was taken by surprise. He struck Ramon on the head where he was stooping and knocked him flat on the floor. Then, with a single leap, he had the girl in his arms. In an instant he was through the door; in another he was at his horse's side; in another he was in the saddle, the girl held before him screaming with terror, and then, with a defiant yell, he turned towards the open pampa and galloped madly away with his captive through the yellow sunshine.

Ramon was not badly hurt. He scrambled to his feet just in time to see Gomez gallop off with the girl. He was a little stunned and dazed and did not seem at first to realize

* *Bolas*.—This is an important part of a Gaucho's equipment. It is made of twisted strands of raw horse-skin. There are three thongs, each about a yard in length. At the end of each thong is a leaden ball, hide-covered. The *bolas* are used for catching horses. They are thrown at the horses' hind legs, and the weight of the balls and the kicking of the animal make of them a very effective fetter. The more the animal kicks the more securely are the legs bound together.

what had happened, until old Josefa caught him by the arm, and shaking him violently, shrieked :

"Fool, coward, stupid ! Are you afraid to go and bring my girl back ? You want her. I heard you say so. She promised to give herself to you. I heard her. And now you stand there like a sucking lamb—you are no man ! You are a sheep, afraid of a dog—see ? Afraid, coward ! I spit on you !"

It all broke in on Ramon then like a flash. He flung the old woman violently from him and darted through the door with a curse. A saddled horse was tied in the shade of the trees. He ran towards it and, in an instant, the reins were over the neck and his hand twisted into the mane.

"The cinch ! the cinch !" shouted a score of voices ; "tighten the cinch !"—for it hung loosely under the horse's flanks. With a few quick tugs he tightened it, and then vaulted into the saddle. As he rode through the gate a coiled lasso hanging on one of the posts caught his eye, and he snatched it up as he passed. As he galloped off in pursuit he buttoned the lasso on the cinch ring, and then used the coils as a whip to flog the horse into racing speed. Others followed, but Ramon led by full a hundred yards. He turned in the saddle as he rode madly ahead, and shouted at them to go back. "This is my affair," he yelled. "Leave him to me. I don't want your help. Go back and tell them I'm coming with that hound at the end of the lasso," and he flourished the coils over his head, bringing them down once more with a resounding whack on the ribs and quarters of the frantic horse.

Gomez was mounted on the best horse he owned—a fleet, strong, tireless brute that could gallop at half-rein for leagues—but the extra weight of the girl told. Moreover, Ramon was riding the better horse—a raking, clean-limbed, three-quarter-bred chestnut, and one of the swiftest of the estancia mark. It was in fact the horse of James O'Reilly, the *capataz* who never saddled anything but the cream of the breed. A straight chase is a long chase as a rule, but in this instance the pursuer rapidly gained on the pursued. Before the first half-mile had been covered Ramon had gained three hundred yards on Gomez, and at every leap he saw with savage joy that the odds were diminishing. Gomez threw a swift, fierce look over his shoulder and saw that the desperate game was going against him. His

left arm crushed the girl in a savage embrace, and in his free right hand he held his unsheathed knife. He thought of killing her. She had, however, already heard the triumphant shouts behind them, and the reckless, untamed blood that flowed in her veins had asserted itself. The terror and stupor of the first moments had passed, and now as the Gaucho's knife gleamed in the sun above her the Gaucho girl laughed. With a swift, snake-like wriggle she caught his knife-hand, and, pulling it towards her, bit into the wrist until the weapon fell from his grasp. The oath which the pain wrung from him had scarcely died on his lips when the hoof-beats of Ramon's horse were heard.

"Pull up, pull up," she cried, as she struggled and panted in his grasp. "Pull up and face him if you dare—coward that you are. It is only a girl you have the courage to fight."

He looked behind him once more. Ramon had made his lasso ready. A bunch of coils was in his right hand, and the long ten-foot loop dragged behind him, snipping the tops from the clover and grasses through which he swept like the wind.

Gomez with a powerful jerk slackened the speed of his horse. "I am going to put you down, my beauty," he hissed while his hot breath stirred her hair. "Stay you here for a moment and watch how I shall kill this boy before your eyes."

As he handed or rather shoved the girl to the ground Ramon was only fifty yards away, and Gomez did not waste any time in useless words. With a shower of whip-cuts to left and right on the neck, breast, and flanks of his horse, he loosed the reins and galloped away at right angles to the course which he had until then held. This he did in order to allow his pursuer to pass him. Ramon was going at a pace too furious to turn very quickly, and by the time he had checked and faced round again, Gomez was galloping in a circle towards him fully prepared. The half-minute's grace had sufficed for him to make ready his lasso, and as he wheeled, keeping his horse on a tight rein, and approaching his enemy, he shook the coils above his head and glanced approvingly at the trailing loop. It was in perfect order. Ramon threw up his right arm and swung his lasso around his head from right to left. Gomez did the same. Neither spoke, but there was more in the glance they darted on each other than could be put into words.

It was to be a lasso duel to the death. On this both had already decided. The girl remained where Gomez had left her, watchful of their slightest movements, the passions of her untutored nature in her eyes, but as quiet as a statue. She wanted Gomez killed; she wanted Ramon to kill him; and she would as soon have thought of praying for Gomez as interfering. The men who had joined the chase were still five hundred yards away, and the fight would be decided before they could arrive.

The duellists galloped in a circle round each other, whirling their lassoes and waiting, lynx-eyed, for a favorable moment to throw. They sat as easily and as gracefully in their saddles as if they were riding for mere amusement. The legs were rigid; the toes pointed outwards and upwards from the stirrups; and, as if the hip-joints were delicately made swivels, the bodies swayed to left or right, backward or forward, unconsciously yet perfectly keeping the balance, while the horses plunged or checked to the touches of the reins or the pressure of the knees. Each right hand was held aloft, the inside of the elbow close to the ear, the arm straight and firm, but with the sinewy, supple wrist moving as if on a pivot and making the lasso hum and whistle and whine as it cut through the air in long, sweeping, undulating loops. Round and round they galloped, now closing in, now withdrawing to longer range, now swiftly turning outward or inward while the lassoes were reversed and swung from right to left, always bordering on throwing distance, yet never quite passing inside it.

"Come on," shouted Gomez, hurling a few of his foulest words at Ramon. "Come on. That girl over there is waiting for you or for me. He who leaves here alive shall have her. Throw, then, thou cat-face; throw, I say, swine-fed pup that thou art; throw, and get thy reward!"

"Throw thou first, and teach me," cried Ramon in fierce derision. "Thou shalt find me anxious to learn. Thou art a man with a beard, no? Very well, render a man's account of thyself. Thou art skilful in capturing girls, eh? Come on, and see if thou canst catch a boy."

Gomez stood in his stirrups and pretended to let fly his loop. It was a clever feint enough, but it failed. Instead of ducking or swerving to save himself from the threatened danger, Ramon pulled with all

his strength and weight on the reins, and as the chestnut reared under the strain of the cruel Spanish bit, he airily kept his balance in the saddle, while with a lightning-like twist of his arm he reversed the swing of the lasso. This feat surprised Gomez. It was far more than he had thought the youth could do, and it disconcerted him for a moment—only for a moment. Ramon's face, hard and set in hate, wore a grim smile as it lay pressed against the mane of the rearing horse. He saw that his chance was coming. He saw that Gomez was riding straight into his power, and that by the time he came round abreast of his lasso stirrup he would be well within range. Gomez saw his peril and drove home his spurs in a desperate attempt to take himself clear away. It was too late. Ramon's quick eye had already made the distance to be less than he needed, and with a cry of savage joy he gave one final back-hand swing to his lasso and let it go. Upward and outward it curved for a good fifteen yards, uncoiling its snake-like folds with easy grace as it soared and sped through the sunshine on its errand of death. The big loop quivered for a fleeting instant over the head of the doomed horseman, and as it fell over his shoulders, despite his wild effort to escape its deadly embrace, the iron ring rattled along the hard, rawhide plaiting. Ramon gave his horse a free rein, and urged him to the utmost of his speed. With a mighty plunge the high-spirited horse leaped forward, and as the end of the lasso was reached the tough strands twanged under the strain. There was a cry of rage and despair answered by a yell of hate and triumph; an awful jerk; a still more awful thud; and then a helpless, choking, struggling, gasping wretch was dragged away at a gallop, bumping, crashing, tumbling, writhing, dying.

The other horsemen dashed up, but they arrived too late. They called to Ramon for mercy's sake to stop. They tried to head him off, but the fiends had got possession of him and he dodged them all. One of them tried to lasso his horse; another tried to ride him down. It was all in vain. When at last they closed on him, the bruised and shattered thing which they found at the end of the lasso was beyond all human aid.

Away in the distance old Josefa's girl still stood in the full glare of the sun. Ramon went to her.

ANARCHY.

THE STATUS OF ANARCHISM TO-DAY IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES.

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TRANSLATED BY LIONEL STRACHEY.

HE who studies the theory of anarchy may find it strange and paradoxical, but will also allow it to be worthy of discussion and consideration. There are even some very striking truths embodied in this theory. One of these is, for instance, that it is not necessary to surrender one's own initiative into the hands of other individuals, called magistrates, ministers, and so forth, since they are anything but infallible, and often more apt to do harm than good. Even if men of infinite knowledge and integrity existed, by the mere fact that they belonged to the government their power for good would be paralyzed, from the necessity urging men at the head of affairs to settle matters in which they are incompetent.

Government, says Kropotkin, has always been the violent domination of the few over the masses, a machine for the maintenance of the privileges of those who by force, cunning, or inheritance have captured all the means of production. It is very true, also, that the protection of governments is in nearly all cases *nil*; that one does not desist from murder for fear of the police; that there are thousands of people who live far away from the police. Gambling debts are not guaranteed by the law, and yet are paid. But the anarchists lay themselves open to contradiction when they advise authors to become the printers and publishers of their own "books, and, worse still, propose to substitute for the demolished machinery of government the will of the masses, of the populace. They would leave every one free to share impartially in the necessities of life by "taking from the heap," like wild animals, but they do not reflect that, like beasts, once the booty became insufficient men would prey upon one another. Nor do these theorists see that if a government often does harm, a collectivity can do much more harm, simply because it is a much larger body. But all

of this is debatable at least. The worst of it is that a party among the anarchists believe the supreme remedy for their ills to be the destruction of property and proprietors, and even of the government. By this means they hope to bring about the radical changes they wish for at one sweep. But they forget that nothing in nature and nothing in human society is accomplished permanently by improvisation or by a catastrophe; that in order to be finally accepted changes must be slow and imperceptible, and that success gained by crime only provokes counteraction from an opposite source. There is thus some truth in the anarchist idea, especially in the criticism of government and in the spur given to individual initiative, but the means suggested for carrying out the improvements are absurd. And when one comes to examine personally, not the theorists of anarchy, but its soldiers—not to say its executioners—one is confronted by a number of the wildest anomalies. In order to have reached this militant stage a tremendous degeneration must have taken place, not merely of the intelligence, but also of the moral sense. It is not enough to be an excessive innovator—which might seem an advantage, but yet is always anomalous—but the persuasion must have been reached that, as in the beginning of the race, crime and action are the same thing, that human life is not a sacred thing, nor murder the greatest of crimes.

There is, in fact, a large number of madmen and criminals among the anarchists. We have regular criminals, like Pini and Ravachol. Even Jean Grave, who was no criminal, wrote: "Appropriation by force must be the anarchists' prelude to the wholesale insurrection which they will sooner or later enact." Commonvalle wrote: "Theft is the recovery by violence from the rich of that which the rich have taken by violence

from the poor." I have myself found typical criminal characteristics in thirty-four out of one hundred Italian anarchists, and in forty per cent. among fifty North American anarchists. Further proofs of their criminal proclivities are their use of thieves' jargon, their songs peculiar to jailbirds, and their addiction to tattooing. We also have a number of epileptics among them, and I have even found some of these whose complaint was accompanied by a fancy for politics. I knew a varnisher who told me in prison, where he had been confined for vagrancy: "If social reforms come into my mind, and I speak to my comrades about them, I seem to become dazed and blind, and I fall down." Felica, who had attempted several assassinations and taken part in strikes, was an epileptic, and so was, as I have shown elsewhere, Caserio, and likewise Santiago Salvador, who was a Carlist in his youth and afterwards an anarchist. "I am an anarchist," said he, "not only by conviction, but by instinct. When I committed the crime at the Liceo, I did it from an impulse I could not resist." Gori, an anarchist leader, stated of his adherents: "Among the anarchists there are some who declare that if a certain impulse arises in them it must be satisfied. Thus, when they feel the need of killing a man, they imagine the thing is permissible, and that they must do it." Then we have insane anarchists like Monei, who was implicated in a dynamite outrage in London, and subsequently adjudged mad by two New York doctors. To this class belong especially the half-witted people I call mattoids, since, though they have a rational manner of conducting themselves under ordinary circumstances, in writing and speaking they are demented. They believe themselves persecuted, and, when carried away by a paroxysm of their malady, or stung by poverty or ill-treatment, end by committing a crime. Such was Luccheni. "At first I was horrified at the idea of murder," he confessed; "but soon I found that a real inspiration had seized upon me. I felt inspired for a fortnight. I could not eat, and could think of nothing but the assassination, but as soon as it was done sleep and appetite came back to me." Büchner cites the case of a mattoid who thought himself persecuted, and who founded a society for persons ill-used by the courts of law, sending a prospectus of the society to the king.

Some anarchists are victims to alcohol-

ism. I studied a strange specimen of this sort for a long time, who declared himself endowed with a mission to kill kings. Being arrested, he denied his alleged mission altogether, even asserting that he was a fervent monarchist. But after drinking a *litre* [quart] of wine, which his relatives brought him, he suddenly became a wild anarchist who wanted to kill the king, and even the prison guards. The next day he denied it all again. It was then that I resolved to experiment upon him with alcohol. I saw how this man, who after consuming forty *grammes* [616 grains] was still an average, commonplace individual, and even a monarchist, upon taking ninety *grammes* [1,389 grains] became furiously anarchistic against the prison guards; at the same time his eyes distended. It must be confessed, however, that in childhood he had suffered from meningitis. Other anarchists are indirect suicides, desperate people glad to find the opportunity of being put to death for the murder of a king or a president. Such an one was Henry, who forbade his lawyer to mention the extenuating circumstance of his father's insanity, and who said to the court that the lawyer's part was to defend him and that his own part was to die. Frattini, who threw a bomb in the Piazza Colonna, at Rome, with the object of protesting against the existing order of things, had previously written: "I have no fear for my liberty, nor for my life—in fact, to get rid of it would be the greatest blessing to me." Passanante declared that he committed his act of assassination with the certainty of being killed; his life had become a burden to him owing to the bad treatment he had been subjected to. The same statement was made by Oliva and Nobili.

But the majority—and this is the thing which renders them less hateful and less repulsive—are criminals by temperament. Some of these even have fine faces, like Bakunin and Sassulich; and among the criminal anarchists of America, Pearson, Spies, Lingg, Fisher, Schwabe, Niebe, and Schaubel had ample foreheads, clustering hair and beard, soft eyes, and altogether gentle mien. Most of this category are very young. Otero was nineteen, Solovieff and Staps eighteen, Booth twenty-seven. They never have accomplices. The police endeavored to find some in the cases of Oliva, of Sand, of Passanante, of Moncusi, of

Bresci, and of Czolgosz, but they did not succeed. It is a fact that the alleged Chicago conspiracy, which cost so many anarchists their lives, was an invention of the police.

One of the most striking traits of the anarchists is their love of innovation, the majority of men being conservative. Thus Spies said, when he was about to be executed, that he had finally concluded humanity was the slave of custom and regarded habit as its nurse. These people are carried away by new ideas for no other reason than their novelty. And to this is added an exaggerated altruism, an intense desire to undergo suffering. "It is sweet to suffer," one of the Besi said to Dostoiowski. Like religious fanatics, they like suffering for its own sake. Thus a female nihilist of St. Petersburg, who was near death's door from a long siege of consumption and the hardships of prison life, improvised a beautiful poem :

"My offence is grave and terrible. Clad in coarse garments I wended my way barefoot to the place where our brothers lay moaning, there where no respite is from poverty and toil. But what purpose shall words serve? However guilty I may be, yet do I judge you. You are powerless against me, for I have faith—which in you is lacking—faith in the triumph of an idea! You may imprison me for life, but my malady will abridge my woes. I shall die with my heart full of that great love, and the very jailers, throwing down their dungeon keys, will burst into tears at my bedside."

Their faith, and the notion of being useful to humanity makes them bold in the face of sacrifice, and precludes the repentance which is frequent after crimes due to temperament. Several anarchists, too, have led blameless lives. Spies was so charitable that out of a small weekly salary he gave part to a sick friend. His comrades said that if the revolution succeeded he would have to be locked up, lest he should injure the revolution by his sentimentality. Louise Michel was called "the red angel of the sick" in Scotland. Of this sort was also Caserio, whom I studied very particularly, who had always been honest, and who killed Carnot to avenge the sufferings of his kin and the indignities heaped upon the humble by their superiors. It is true that this hypersensitiveness, this extravagant altruism, is partly ascribable to hereditary morbid-

ness. Nobiling, Booth, and Alibaud were the sons of suicides. The Padlewskis had a father, a brother, and a grandfather who had been involved in a revolt. The whole Pearson family had participated in revolutionary movements for a century. Booth's father styled himself Junius Brutus. His father and Staps's were religious maniacs. Fielden's father was one of the foremost labor agitators in England. But persons of this class are also under the spell of a kind of monomania, of an absolute obsession by a single idea, which produces hypersensitiveness and makes them excessively susceptible to the influence of others who second their idea, to the exclusion of all contrary arguments. Czolgosz was one of these. He had inherited morbid tendencies. His father had been concerned in the murder, or lynching, of a contractor who ill-treated his workmen. Czolgosz, in the rare instances in which he departed from silence, confessed to having been incited to crime by the speeches of Emma Goldmann against the United States form of government. It seems probable that this is the truth. Emma Goldmann appears to me as the true type of the American anarchist. Of foreign extraction, and descended from a doubly unfortunate race, resident in America for ten years, after changing among several lovers as fanatical as herself (she thought Most ultra-conservative), she preached that the day was dawning when women would cook dynamite instead of coffee. Her speeches may well have carried away a man hereditarily predisposed, a fanatic at the same time, and given to dark views on the misfortunes of his country. The Goldmann woman intoxicated herself with words and declamation, but Czolgosz went so far as actual murder, even considering it meritorious. However, after the anarchist influences had ceased to reach him for some time, and after seeing the horror of the whole American people at his deed, he appeared slightly repentant. Perhaps, if he had lived, he might, like Luccheni, Rochefort, and Drumont, have changed from the spirit of revolt to the opposite extreme of conservatism, with the same fanatical blindness. Like all criminals by temperament, Czolgosz had no accomplices. True, the police of America, like that of Europe, at once scented a number of accomplices; but the formless nature of anarchism, in fact, opposes the idea of a regular conspiracy. But the difference

was that in the United States the truth was soon recognized, whereas in Europe the supposed accomplices of Caserio and Luccheni and Bresci are still in prison. Czolgosz was a foreigner—a Pole—an alien, as are most of the anarchists in the United States—Italians, Russians, Spaniards, Poles. In North America, indeed, anarchy exists only through importation, and its adherents are distributed by nationality over five or six districts.

There is reason, of course, for the prevalence of anarchy, and for its flourishing condition, in countries where there are no means of obtaining justice, and where the government is so bad that anything seems preferable to submission to it, and where, too, nominally at least, it is vested in one man. So that in Russia anarchy is comprehensible, and in Italy too, and in Spain, in which countries it goes hand-in-hand with brigandage and the *camorra*, a very vile system of justice, something like lynch law on a grand scale. Here, where enormous and irreparable social grievances are to be met with, one understands the existence of anarchy. But it is not easily explained in a country like America, where there is real liberty, and where a bad government falls, or always has a formidable opposition which brings about its defeat when it seems on the verge of triumph. The excessive protectionism and the imperialistic inclinations of the McKinley government had already found strong opposition; there was hence no necessity for a fanatic to kill a man who was not an omnipotent ruler, and whose successor might come from a party with principles exactly the reverse of his.

But then, it will be asked, how is it that other American Presidents have been slain, irrespective of the last? Here it must be taken into consideration that the other assassins were not anarchists, but that Guiteau was a maniac and Booth a fanatic—both under the sway of party opinions. Now, apart from the fact that there are lunatics in all countries, history supplies us with a foundation for these political crimes which redounds entirely to the credit of America. In every country of the world where there has been great liberty, it has

been observed that the assassination of the heads of parties has been easiest. The most glorious days of Venice and Florence and Athens have been conspicuous for the murder of chiefs of the government. At first sight this seems the veriest paradox, because we have said that this was just what happened under the worst governments. Although, however, the causes are contrary, the effects are alike: in the case of a bad government it is the hope of killing in one man the evil condition of a country under his authority. Here, it must be said, if attempts are numerous success is rare, owing to the employment of police and soldiery who surround an autocrat, and the cowardice engendered by tyranny. In very free countries the cause is quite different. There it is the vehemence of the parties, which, buffeting one another like the waves of the sea, break into extremes of fanaticism, and thence into political crime. In America there have always been two or more parties violently at odds. In the first half of the nineteenth century there were the Slave party and the anti-Slave party; in the fifties, the Republicans and the Democrats; in the seventies the Prohibition party sprang up, and after the Populists came the gold Democrats. The furious struggles of so many parties often end in a victory for what is good and right, but in the interval they influence the passionate and the violent and the half-witted, and drive them to political assassination. During the most flourishing period of Venetian liberty out of fifty doges nine were exiled, ten deprived of their eyesight or killed, and five forced to abdicate. At the time when liberty was at its height in Florence and Athens, the hostile parties in turn banished their adversaries, or took away their vote. So that while anarchist crime in Europe proves the desperation of peoples oppressed by despotic tyranny, political murder in America, especially that of the Presidents—that is of frequent recurrence—merely demonstrates the immediate fanaticism of parties to whom liberty allows the fullest scope. Thus, Lincoln and Garfield, like McKinley, are holy victims sacrificed on the altar of liberty.

Twin 3 Nov 1917

C. Lombard

WHERE THE SEA DUCKS FLY—EAST POINT, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

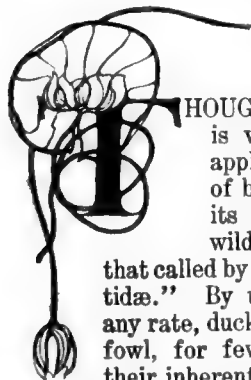


WILD-FOWL OF WILD-FOWL.

BY HERBERT K. JOB.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE, BY THE AUTHOR.

[These photographs are a most extraordinary achievement in the new art of depicting nature and her bird and animal children. In Dakota, the far Magdalen Islands, and along the Maine coast, as well as at his Connecticut home, Mr. Job has secured, with infinite patience and ingenuity, the most surprising series of wild-fowl pictures, revealing facts as to the breeding habits of these shy birds which have never before been chronicled. His address and pictures created a real sensation at the recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union; and Audubon, the great pioneer, would have marvelled at this pen and camera presentation of no less than twenty species of wild ducks in their native haunts. The first article will be followed by several others, equally notable, dealing with the other water-fowl.—EDITOR.]



THOUGH the term wild-fowl is variously and loosely applied, there is no class of birds it better fits, in its suggestive savor of wild, free nature, than that called by naturalists the "Anatidæ." By universal consent, at any rate, ducks and geese are wild-fowl, for few birds reveal more their inherent wildness in retiring before the advances of human civilization. How often has my gaze wandered wistfully over the surface of some beautiful New England lake. There were the lilies, the woods, the surrounding hills—all the elements of a beautiful landscape, save the

water-fowl. But in some of the newer States of the Northwest it is very different. There man has been too busy in reclaiming



NEST AND SITE OF CANVASBACK, NORTH DAKOTA.



THIS NESTING SITE OF AN AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE, IN THE HOLLOW OF A STUB, HELD SIXTEEN EGGS.

and beautifying his own home-spot to disturb the innocent home life of his wild-fowl neighbors. None of my many bird adventures have, I think, made deeper impression upon me than those of my first season spent

in studying the breeding habits of the ducks and geese in the Dakota wilds. From the car-window, on a branch railroad in North Dakota, as I neared my destination, I saw the ducks flying out from a series of shallow sloughs, alarmed at the approach of the tri-weekly train. It was the 10th of May, and there were scores of them just settling down to the annual task of nest-building. So near were they to the train that, without the field-glass, I could easily distinguish Mallards, Shovellers, Pintails, and Blue-winged Teals.

Just a week later, with the same companion, I started out on a six weeks' camping-tour. Two fine horses drew a stout, open, double buggy, on the back part of which was loaded a tent and a complete camp outfit. After a long and difficult journey we reached a fine, large lake, and, pitching our camp in a grove of timber on the shore, for several days found many interesting things to investigate. A few miles back from the lake was a rush and



A TYPICAL DAKOTA SLOUGH.

In the clumps of reeds and out in the water were nests of Canvasback, Grebe, and Coot.

grass-grown slough that supported a marvellous variety of ducks. It was a mile and a half long, and, as we put up the horses in a sod barn near the shore, and saw some Gadwells, Baldpates, Blue-winged Teals, Shovellers, Mallards, and Pintails feeding near by, down where the cows drank, I realized what a wonderful place it was. The water was too deep to wade, except at the lower end of the slough, and the only boat had been burned in a prairie fire. For all that, I saw enough birds. Pairs of Ruddy Ducks were swimming among the reeds, holding their tails erect, as is their unique fashion. By this habit they can be distinguished from any of the other ducks. The male at this season is very striking in his bright reddish coat and pale blue bill. Eared, Horned, and Pied-billed Grebes and Coots were everywhere near neighbors of the Ruddies. Farther out there were the Greater and Lesser Scaups in pairs, also very many pairs of Redheads, and, most conspicuous of all, Canvasback couples that were float-



ANOTHER NESTING SITE OF THE AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE, NORTH DAKOTA. IN THE KNOT-HOLE WERE SEVEN EGGS.

ing about in the more open lanes and areas of water.

After a quiet Sunday in camp, our party, increased to four by a local guide and a visiting ornithologist, made a trip to



LAKE NIPPENICKETT, MASSACHUSETTS.

Live duck decoys, from a gunning stand.

the "Enchanted Isles." It was the 23d of May, beautiful, calm, and bright. We carted the boat on a buckboard, and visited each of the four islands, finding plenty of eggs of Cormorants and Ring-bills, and a few scattering nests of Pintails, Gadwells, and Mallards, most of the ducks having not yet nested. But there were some discoveries that I must describe in detail. We had been but a short time on the Cormorant Island when the guide called out to me.

the wild geese as breeding only in the far North. This was the first nest of the sort that I had ever seen, and it would be hard to describe the feelings with which I viewed it. It seemed as though I were in a trackless wilderness, perhaps very near the Pole, except that the sun was too warm for such high latitude. At any rate, I had the delightful sense of boreal adventure without its hardships.

From here we drove northwest, away up



LISTENING.

Mallard drake, recently caught in a mink trap, Kent, Conn.

It was but a few steps to where he stood by a clump of tall dry weeds. In the midst of them was a great bed of stems and grass, lined with an abundance of white down that seemed to fill the nest. But there was something else white. Pulling aside the down, we found disclosed to view six enormous chalky white eggs, each as big as two or three duck's eggs. It was a nest of the Canada Goose. We had heard geese honking as we approached the island, and had seen at least one making off. Here was the buried treasure they had hoped would be unobserved. I had always thought of

to the international boundary, exploring some large lakes eastward from the Turtle Mountain region. On the 30th of May we reached Rock Lake, and pitched the tent on the prairie close to the stony shore. By this time more of the ducks had laid. I was particularly fortunate there in finding Blue-winged Teals' nests. The morning after our arrival I was rowing on the lake, and happened to land on a sort of peninsula, formed on one side by a marshy bayou. The land was broken and rolling, but near the shore it was flat, almost marshy, and covered with very profuse dry grass, of the

previous year's growth, that had escaped the prairie fire. My companion almost trod on a Western Meadow Lark, that left her arched nest in the grass and six eggs for our inspection. Just after this I was returning to the boat, when, spring, flutter, away went a Blue-winged Teal from the long grass at my very feet. It took me but a second to reach the spot, and, parting the grass, I gazed into my first Teal's nest with its ten small, creamy eggs. It

started to walk. It was singular, but hardly had we taken the first step when, right in front of my companion, another Teal flushed, and there were eleven eggs. Just then I noticed some ducks in the water, and going nearer to see what they were, another Teal flew—eleven eggs again. Once more we started to drag, and soon still another Teal flew in front of me, that I found had just laid her first egg. This made five Blue-winged Teals' nests within about a



SWIMMING POSE.

The same drake as shown on the opposite page.

was well down in the thick dry grass, and would have been practically impossible to discover without flushing the bird. It was built in a hollow in the ground, of dry grass, with which the abundant dark gray down that lined it was more or less mixed.

It seemed to me now that, as this prairie-grass was so prolific, it would be of interest to see all that it concealed. So I rowed back to the tent and brought along over one hundred feet of rope that I had purchased to "drag" for nests. Then we each took an end of the extended rope and

hundred yards. The eggs all seemed perfectly fresh.

This first day of June I also found my first Mallards' nests. One was on a little hummock, in a tussock of grass, a little way out in the water of the marshy lake shore, the big bird springing forth with a bound into the air when I was perhaps fifteen yards away. The nest was quite substantial and well lined, and held ten yellowish drab eggs, slightly tinged with green. The other nest was on an island in front of our camp, placed in a thicket of trees and bushes. The first time the duck

flushed I could hardly get a glimpse of her, so I came again later in the day, and, approaching carefully, easily identified the nine eggs, which, like the others, were quite fresh. Numerous Bronzed Grackles and two or three pairs of Mourning Doves had nests in the low trees, and in the reeds on the shore the Yellow-headed Blackbirds were just beginning to deposit eggs in their suspended nests.

A few days later we drove on, still eastward, over a most desolate, mainly uninhabited prairie, to Rush Lake. On one part of its shore a fire had burned over a large tract of grass and rushes, and I saw quite a number of nests of scorched ducks' eggs exposed to view. I shall remember this great prairie lake as the place where I found two ducks' nests new to me. After going over the burned tract, I pulled up the tops of my boots, and waded along the shore, some rods out, among clumps of long grass. Away went a brownish duck, with gray wings, from a tussock a little beyond me—a Redhead, I saw at once. There was a very large basket-net of dry rushes, lined with down, and a numerous assortment of eggs—fifteen of them I finally counted. Each egg, too, was large, nearly white, with a faint greenish tinge, and a shell so smooth and hard as to remind one of billiard balls. Altogether, it was a large and interesting discovery.

One hot day, June 18th, we drove twenty miles to Long Lake: a great alkaline flat it was, covered with a uniform depth of only two or three feet of water, with great areas of grass, and scattered clumps of rushes. I had been told that Canvasbacks nested here, and after an arduous search, finding several ducks' nests where the broods had been hatched, a female Canvasback started from her canopied nest in a clump of rushes, just as I had caught a glimpse of the bulky mass of stems and down. At such a time the mind is in a state of expectancy through the effort of the search. The wildness of those prairie lakes adds to its charm. Every clump of thick vegetation suggests limitless depths of possibility, and success comes frequently enough not to allow hope and expectancy to flag. And when it does come, "it is so sudden," that rustling of the grass, the beating of wings, the sight at close quarters of the noble bird rising from the mysterious fastness. Every nerve is strained to note each marking and detail in

that brief, fleeting instant, into which a whole day of life is crowded. Then comes the delicious expectancy of the approach to the clump, the peering in, the first sight of the hidden treasure. The whole scene is one of Nature, inanimate and living, at her best.

In this spirit, with enthusiasm aglow, I watched the swift Canvasback until she disappeared behind some rushes, and then peered into the bed of down. Nine dark eggs there were, and two strangers, the smooth white eggs of a Redhead that had laid in the wrong nest. Neither the hot marsh, the heated, undrinkable alkaline water which imparted no relief in cooling brow or moistening parched tongue, nor the long, dark prairie drive, protracted beyond the midnight hour, dispelled that enthusiasm.

The matter of identifying nests had its difficulties. Although subsequent investigation has cleared away most of the uncertainties, I find myself obliged to confess that it is practically impossible, under many circumstances, in the hurry of a duck's departure when flushed from a nest, to distinguish positively, for instance, between the female Gadwell and Baldpate. The latter seems to have rather more white on the wing-bar, and is of a slightly lighter gray plumage—that is about all. The eggs of both are white, and although sets of the Baldpate are usually the more creamy, I am not certain that the difference always holds. The female Pintail at a distance looks very much like both of the above, though she has a longer, more slender neck. But her eggs are distinct, having an olivaceous cast. At first I confounded the bird with the Gadwell, but eggs of the latter do not have any olive or greenish tinge. The eggs of the three Scaups, Greater, Lesser, and Ring-necked, are alike in color, a decided brown, and different from eggs of any other ducks, but are easily confounded one with the other, as are the birds themselves. The eggs of the Blue and Green-winged Teal are indistinguishable, but one can identify the birds at close range. The female Mallard can be told by its large size, spotted plumage, and blue speculum. Females of Redhead and Canvasback are somewhat alike, but the latter is larger and lighter in color, and the eggs of each I consider distinctive. The Shoveller and her eggs can usually be distinguished, though there is some resemblance to the Pintail, as the size is considerably



FLOATING NEST OF CANVASBACK, NORTH DAKOTA.

NEST OF MALLARD, NORTH DAKOTA.

NEST OF DUSKY OR "BLACK" DUCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

NEST OF BLUE-WINGED TEAL, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

NEST OF WILD CANADA GOOSE, NORTH DAKOTA.

NEST OF RUDDY DUCK, BUILT OVER THE WATER IN DEAD REEDS.

NEST OF DUSKY OR "BLACK" DUCK, KENT, CONN.

NEST OF REDHEAD, NORTH DAKOTA.



NEST OF WHITE-WINGED SCOTER, TILL RECENTLY
ALMOST UNKNOWN.



NEST OF CANVASBACK, WITH ONE EGG OF THE RUDDY
DUCK, NORTH DAKOTA.



YOUNG SHOVELLERS IN THEIR NEST, JUST HATCHED,
NORTH DAKOTA.

less. As to Ruddy Duck and White-winged Scoter there can be no mistake. The eggs of the former are astonishingly large for the size of the bird, and have a rough, pitted shell, entirely unique, and are pure white. Scoters' eggs are larger than those of any duck nesting in the United States, save the Eider, which is not found breeding in the interior.

Soon afterwards I made a visit to the slough where, over a month before, I had seen so many kinds of ducks. The rushes and grass had grown very high, and it was not so easy as before to see the ducks, though there were plenty of them. Here, at last, I found my first nest of the Ruddy Duck. It was a genuine floating structure, built out in the middle of the slough in deep water, with only a few stems of grass near it for anchorage and shade. In location only was it like a Grebes' nest, being dry, deep, and bulky, though with little down. A recent storm, probably, had partly upset it, and several of the fifteen large white eggs were lying on the edge or spilled out into the water. It seemed almost impossible that such a little bird as a Ruddy Duck should have laid that pile of eggs, several times its own weight, in less than three weeks. When I first saw a Ruddy's eggs, I could hardly believe they were properly identified, as they are larger than the eggs of the Mallard or the Canvasback.

Canvasback, Redhead, and Ruddy Ducks can be classed together in the nesting season. They all build elaborate nests in the rushes out over deep water, and when one is found in a slough, the other members of the triumvirate are also likely to occur. As though in proof of this, I saw, as I inspected this nest, a female Canvasback, followed by eight young, swimming across the lane of water. Not far away, as later I waded from the boat into the rushes, I came upon a fine nest of the Redhead, canopied over with the dry rushes, with thirteen Redhead eggs and two of the Ruddy Duck, and then still another, in some long grass growing out of deep water, very bulky and downy, with eleven Redhead eggs and one of the Ruddy.

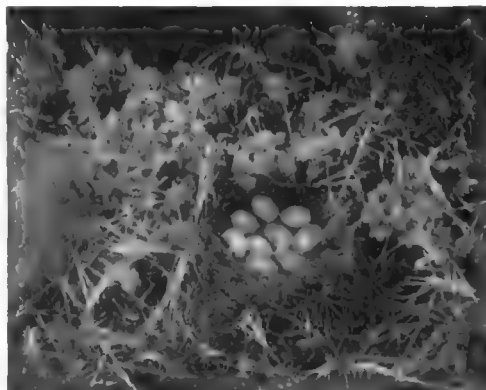
But it is not only among grass and rushes that the nests of ducks are found, though many people suppose this to be the case. To such, a sight that I witnessed would be a revelation. It was "Memorial Day,"

and three of us were exploring a patch of timber near the shore of a Dakota lake. Seeing a knot-hole in an oak tree, about fifteen feet from the ground, with a piece of white down clinging to its edge, I called to my friend to come and inspect it, as a probable nest of the American Golden-eye Duck. No sooner were we all under the tree than we saw, through a lower crack, a movement within. Directly a brown head appeared at the entrance, and the Golden-eye proceeded to come forth. But she had a hard time of it. The hole was so small that a slender human arm could hardly be inserted. The poor duck had to wriggle and twist back and forth like a snake, I should think for ten seconds, ere she was able to emerge and take to wing. It was a singular and interesting sight. Then I climbed the tree, and found that about two feet below the hole, in a bed of soft, snowy down, there were ten large fresh eggs of a greenish color. The cavity was so small that they had to be piled in two layers. It must have been owing to the scarcity of suitable holes that the duck felt compelled to submit to such discomfort.

During my visit last season to this prairie region of lakes and sloughs, I found a nest in a very large, open clump, away out in the water. I saw it first when the bird flew at some distance from me. There were six eggs, and I visited it a few days later, to see if she had laid more. Mrs. Canvasback was asleep on the nest, with her bill resting on her breast. I stood within ten yards and watched her for several minutes. Think of it, the famous Canvasback of the epicure, at home in the northern wilds, out on the lake, asleep in her ark—what a scene it was! At length she raised her head and saw me. For an instant she seemed paralyzed, then she stood up and, with a quick spring, went flying off, just over the tops of the reeds. The same six eggs were there, heavily incubated, I found, when I examined them more closely. And I saw another thing I had overlooked before; only two of the eggs were her own, the other four being Redhead eggs. Not over a gunshot from this spot, in a clump of reeds away out in the lake, a quarter of a mile from shore, another Canvasback had a nest, with seven eggs of her own and one of a Ruddy Duck. No farther away was another Canvasback with eleven eggs that were about to hatch. For a wonder, these



NEST OF REDHEAD, NORTH DAKOTA.



NEST OF GREATER SCAUP, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

Probably the first Scaup's nest ever photographed in Eastern North America.



NEST OF LESSER SCAUP, NORTH DAKOTA.



YOUNG DUSKY OR "BLACK" DUCK, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

eggs were all hers. Though I imagine that this tribe are all busybodies, I consider the odd little Ruddy as the greatest adept at poking her blue nose into other duck-people's business.

It is quite surprising that while incalculable thousands of the Eiders, known to fishermen and gunners as "Sea Ducks," pass up the St. Lawrence on their way to Labrador and beyond, without even stopping at the Magdalen Islands, quite a few of them remain for the summer on various lonely islands along the coast of Maine, New Brunswick, and southern Nova Scotia. Owing to persecution, they are usually very cunning in concealing the whereabouts of the nests. They always cover them with a profusion of the soft "eider down," when they have occasion to leave. If a boat appears, they will even skulk from the weedy clumps or sheltering bush, slip down to the water's edge, and swim off under water. I remember once, as we rowed around a point of "No-Man's-Land," coming right upon a female Eider that had probably just left her nest somewhere up on the shore. At first she did not try to dive, and she was so near that I leaned over the side of the boat to lay hold of her. Imminent danger brought her suddenly to herself, and the speedy plunge that followed was the last I ever saw of her.

Once I caught the cunning Eider napping. It was on Green Island, off Mt. Desert. I was following a sort of grass-grown ledge, quite high up from the water, when I almost trod on a female Eider, sitting close. Her sudden start gave a decided, though pleasant shock to my nerves. I found a

bed of eider-down, just as soft as it is reputed to be, and in it three greenish olive eggs—the largest laid by any of the ducks, nearly as large as goose eggs—were very cosily bedded.

In the course of my explorations I have found the nests and eggs of nineteen species of ducks, and seen the young of one other. The breeding habits of most of these ducks in Audubon's day were absolutely unknown, and even to the present little has appeared in books about them.

Late in October the duck stands or bowers make ready for the Canada Geese, some of them sustaining large flocks of tame geese, bred from wild stock, for decoys. Some of these decoys are wild birds that have been winged by shot. In a few days such cripples will become completely domesticated, and even eventually breed in captivity. November is the time for the "wild-geese chase," and until the ponds freeze up. If the migrating flocks are overtaken by thick or stormy weather and alight in the ponds, they are apt to fall easy prey. I have known of literally cartloads being taken off from these ponds after a night of this kind.

With the three Mergansers, especially the Hooded and the Goosander, the little Rufflehead, the American Golden-eye, and the rare Barrows Golden-eye, the list is possibly exhausted of the ducks that come into the New England lakes and ponds. But the seacoast is full of interest and wonders in that direction. South of Maine the Harlequin Duck and the King Eider are so rare as to hardly enter into this account, though I have personally known of their capture on the Massachusetts coast. One of the fine coastwise sights is the spring flight of the Eiders. During the early days of April, a mile or two off the Chatham bars, I have seen long lines of them, coming all the time, pass by on their way north. Each flock is led by a male, a striking creature with his white back, black underparts, and greenish head. The brown females alternate with the males, more or less irregularly, and the string of the large, swiftly-moving fowl, fifty to a hundred or more in number, is an impressive sight. If the wind happens to come on strong from the southeast during this period, they often fly well in around Monomoy Point, and are shot from the beach by men concealed in pits. I have often seen the flocks, hungry on their trav-

els, turn in to Chatham Bay, and feed on the mussel-flats.

Another of the prime wild-fowl sights of such bays as Chatham is the exit of the Oldsquaws at sundown. They feed during the winter days up at the head of the bay. To see or shoot them, one should anchor in a skiff in the middle of some narrow channel. At length there will come a confused chorus of weird cries, resembling the music of a pack of hounds on the trail, and music indeed it is. Presently a line of fowl will appear, sweeping down the channel. They do not always seem to notice the boat, and I have often had them double right by the bow when I sat up to shoot. I think that there is no swifter flier among birds than

before it can stop. They appear to rest on the open sea at night, where they are quite safe from molestation. On cold, still days they sit in flocks on the water, and their chatter, which often seems to resolve itself into major thirds, is to me one of the finest sounds of Arctic-like nature at this season.

The Golden-eyes also feed in the bays, and, hidden in a seaweed "blind," one can toll them up with wooden decoys, and have good sport. As spring approaches, the Sheldrakes, or Mergansers, especially the Red-breasted, become more numerous—the males now splendid with their green-crested head-dress—and come readily to the decoys. The little Ruffle-head, teal-like, skims over



FLOATING MORASS, MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

Breeding ground of Sheldrakes, Dusky Ducks, and Scaups.

this garrulous "Squaw," and if one is to hit such a mark very often, he must be an adept. Going at such tremendous velocity, when one is brought down I have been amazed at the distance that its momentum will carry it ricocheting over the water

the bays, and dodges the hunter by swimming under ice-fields, coming up beyond.

When the bays are frozen over all but a narrow channel, the fishermen turn from fish to fowling, and, clad in white, build ice-stands along the edge of the channel,

and shoot large numbers of the unwitting fowl that follow the lane of water.

The coastwise spring migration becomes apparent during the last half of March, reaches its height in the first half of April, and is practically over early in May, the procession ending with large loitering flocks of the Scoters, late breeders as they appear to be. In the return flight of autumn, flocks of male Scoters will put in an appearance as early as the latter part of August. Then in September some of the young appear, but there are no great numbers till October, and not till nearly November, or until the frosts become severe, do some of the hardier sea ducks and the geese arrive. There are considerable differences in their manner of migration. Most of them, it is true, follow the coastline, but individual flocks keep just out of gunshot from the shore, while others fly miles from land. The direction of the wind has much to do with this. With a strong wind blowing on shore most of them fly close in, while on calm days they are apt to be quite far out. Moreover, some species, as the Scoters, Oldsquaws, and Hiders, ordinarily fly low over the water—though they often will rise if they suspect danger—while the Mergansers, Scaups, Golden-eyes, or "Whistlers," and most of the others are apt to fly high.

Conditions of wind have also much effect upon the number of fowl to be seen in migration, even in the height of the season. The strengthening east wind preceding a storm is a great time for a flight. The gunners at Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, think that the first day of a southerly wind is one of the best times. Low temperature also helps

to keep the fowl on the move. The time of the day is also a factor. The first two or three hours after dawn are the best. Often fowl fly well all the morning, but usually by noon, or at the latest the middle of the afternoon, the flight is about over, though occasional flocks may be seen till dusk.

I wish I could adequately describe a scene which I there witnessed on the 5th of November of a previous year. Flying gray clouds covered the sky. The wind was northeast, and increasing every hour. Low over the frothing ocean flew lines and clouds of wild-fowl, scudding from the north before the blasts. Before one flock had passed southward, several more were to be seen coming, at times six or eight flocks in sight at once. By ten the rain began to beat spitefully in our faces, as we stood on the bluff, with awed spirits watching Nature in her passion. By noon the wind had reached hurricane force. Flocks of fowl were fairly hurled in over the rocks. Thousands upon thousands there were, and of all kinds. The surf thundered in upon the rocks, and clouds of spray flew up over the top of the bluff. It was a wild, an awful night. Wakeful we lay in our beds, that rocked as the avalanches of atmosphere were hurled upon the frail, trembling cottage.

In the morning when I opened the door and stepped out, a blast struck me that made me gasp for breath and cling to the railing. Blinded with the stinging sleet, I could not see whether fowl were flying or not. A neighboring barn had disappeared, lying in fragments on the rocks around the Point. Everything was white with snow. Winter had come upon land, ocean, and wild-fowl.



NEST OF REDHEAD, NORTH DAKOTA.



FOOL'S GOLD

By
Marion Hill.

THIS is the boy's story. The men's stories would make spicier reading, but they will be told some fine day from the prisoner's dock, and will reach the public through the morning paper, a relish for breakfast, like grilled herrings.

The boy, named very prettily Alan Percival Evremonde, was quite a goody-goody little chap, gentle-mannered without being lazy, meek in spirit without being cowardly, innocent in soul without being a fool; and the reasons for his finding himself in such poor company (and in the heart of a desert at that) are easily given—a widowed mother, two orphan sisters, a final payment to make upon the tiny home, and no money to meet it. What more natural, according to his own view, than that he should join these men on their gold hunt, even though their trail did lead them into Death Valley, and threaten them all with permanent eclipse at any and every moment? A future fortune is always worth present discomfort; and of course they all intended to make a fortune.

Alan used to wonder about his companions not a little. He wondered, for instance, why old man Saunders, the most disreputable looking one of the party, should be adjudged worthy of the invariable title of "Mr." He wondered whether Barney McGrath's pasty complexion was the mark of oncoming death, or the result of inferior insides. He wondered what Jim's other

name was. He wondered, finally, and with good reason, why the comfortable world, which they had left back of them somewhere, and which owned beds and houses and table-cloths, should ever use the expression "tired to death," knowing nothing whatever of its terrible possibilities.

These four on the baked desert had earned a right to use the phrase. They knew what it meant. Alan had got to the pass when the men's voices seemed to come booming upon his ears as from a distance. He thought hazily of how nice it would be not to be able to hear them at all. What they said was never pleasant. Listen to Mr. Saunders now:

"Scott! if the kid ain't tuckered out a'ready, and the desert only half over. What made you ship to come? Wanted play and no work, eh? What made you ship?"

Without looking at him, Alan knew just how red his wicked old face was, and just how evil was the touch added by his masses of dirty white hair and matted white eyebrows. The boy, seeing no necessity for going over arguments already worn threadbare, was silent until a kick suggested the expediency of speech, and then he exclaimed:

"I shipped to try to save our home. I don't want to play. I want to work. I must make money somehow."

"Make money, is it?" sneered Barney McGrath. Barney was a sort of color negative of Mr. Saunders, inasmuch as his face was a dirty white and his hair was wickedly red. "Make money indeed! Sure, it is not as partner at all, but as chore-boy en-

tirely, that we're taking you along. Make money, do you say? And how do you hope to be doing that, having no kit at all? Without pick or shovel, how do you be intending to get gold? Tell me that. Do you think nuggets come to a boy, or a man either, for the whistling after them? Ho! a pretty notion. But no matter, for to my thinking you'll never reach the mine at all, what with the lag you've got in your walk already. Sure, Flathers, the dog there, shows more sinse and more pluck and more——"

"Stop picking at the boy," said Jim shortly. He was obeyed, as he always was, however grudgingly and insolently. All were a trifle afraid of Jim. Just as a girl twists at her rings and bracelets, so Jim was forever toying with the revolvers which decorated his big person. It was a mere mannerism, but it was effective to secure obedience. It is always good policy to obey a dead shot who doesn't have to reach for a weapon. In the main, Jim was peaceable enough. Rough and silent, he minded his own business, and showed no concern for anybody or anything except his little terrier Flathers. His domination of the party was due to his very reticence, which indicated a self-reliance so supreme as to serve for a rock for the others to lean upon. Moreover, Jim alone knew the trail which led to the mines where they hoped to be repaid for their awful journey.

It had been anything but awful in the beginning. A few days out of Los Angeles, their wanderings had led them through a desert of wondrous beauty, where flowers bloomed like a garden, where yuccas rung their creamy bells at them, where huge cacti shouldered them like giant comrades, where the rocks glittered with gaudy minerals, and the very ant-hills overflowed with garnets. Leaving all this behind, the desert, though growing more and more barren, was still interesting, with its splinters of onyx and its crystals of salt and soda; and it was always a wonder and a comfort to watch the mere cloud of dust in the distance resolve itself into a long, white-powdered borax train, whose chained cars, drawn by a procession of horses, would come to a slow, jangling stop, while the drivers and their party exchanged news and took bearings to nearest water.

But now they were far out of the region where fellow-men might be met. Monotony

reigned. Even the mirage, at first so fresh and beautiful, became monotonous—deadly, cruelly monotonous. Every morning and every evening, as sure as death, came that irritating and stupid vision of lakes margined by green trees. Trees—when the desert was about as tree-covered as the surface of a burnt cooky! No bird ever circled in the blazing sky. Rabbits disappeared from the brush. Whenever they saw a moving thing, it was pretty certain to be either a lizard or a snake. They learned what silence was. Soon they learned what suffering was, for their feet chafed into swollen sores, the alkali inflamed their eyes and throats, and the fiery sands cut lines in their faces never to be entirely smoothed away.

Alan's wish that he might no longer hear the men's voices was finally realized. Occasionally he could hear the sullen roar of them, but the sense escaped him. He lost count of the days. They merged into a mere horrible panorama of time, during which the sun rose blood-red and wavering before his burning eyes, ushered in a period of tortured plodding through indescribable glare and heat, and sank at night, still blood-red and wavering, as a signal for the coming on of sudden darkness that was bitter cold, and of restless sleep that was made hideous by thirst and pain and fever. On the march, his haunting fear was that he might fall exhausted, without voice to call to the others, who, with eyes strained to the horizon where they had set their goal, would stagger on, never missing him until camp was pitched, when it would be too late.

Then hallucinations came to him. The worst was a big blanket of tan and brown checks which used to flutter up before his face and threaten to smother him. When he fought it away, it skipped to a distance and leered at him in tiny, tiny squares, always tan and brown. Then it would rush back again and loom hugely against his eyeballs. With a spasm he controlled his sight and gazed at the thing fixedly until it resolved itself into a harmless patch which his mother had sewn into his coat-sleeve. To keep the patch from its vagaries, he began to count the stitches, at first methodically, then in a maniacal frenzy as they mounted up into the hundreds. He could see his mother—stitch, stitch, stitching, in her poverty and want. There was only himself to work for her. He must not fall; he



"PISTOLS IN JIM'S HANDS MEANT NOTHING, BUT HIS SOCIETY VOICE MEANT A HORRIBLE LOT."

must not; he must not! With hideous swiftness the monstrous checks rose again in the air and quivered before his eyes, and with the knowledge that he was falling and had no voice to call for help, he lost consciousness.

When he slowly regained his senses, he knew that he was still travelling forward, but it was with delicious, rocking ease. Some one was carrying him. Having no strength to find out whose arms he was in, he promptly and properly went to sleep. He was awakened by hearing a voice say:

"Throw him down, why don't you, and let him rot?" That was Mr. Saunders, and very like him, too, thought Alan.

"Indeed, but it's sensible advice you're getting. Drop the creature. What's the use of him, entirely?" Barney's suggestion. Then Alan knew who was carrying him.

"Put me down, Jim; I'm better now. I can walk," he whispered.

"Shut up," said Jim, giving him a drop or two of precious water. The drink and another nap so restored him that when next he asked to be put down his request was granted, and on they trudged as before, in silence and misery. Jim kept turning around to look in a frowning, troubled way at Flathers, who was lagging sullenly behind them, swinging his low-hanging head monotonously from side to side, as if to rid himself of a froth which oozed from his jaws; suddenly he made a snarling forward run, and snapped at what he touched.

"He's mad! Shoot him!" yelled Mr. Saunders. "Barney, you're done for! He's at you!"

With desperate fear Barney kicked at the dog and hurled him aside with a broken bone. The maddened animal, dragging one leg useless, made a purposeless run back on his tracks. Jim dropped to his knee and aimed his ever-ready gun.

"I wouldn't waste a shot, Jim," said Barney. "What he's got now will do for him in time."

"I'll cut a few hours off his suffering," murmured Jim, in a voice as silky as a girl's in company. When Jim tuned his bellow to that soft song, it meant that something which was alive would soon be dead. He fired a shot, and Flathers came to the ground a motionless heap. Jim started to trudge to the body, much to the disgust of Mr. Saunders.

"Are you as mad as the cur? Can't you

see he's dead?" he roared, but Jim kept on, and with a sudden comprehension Alan followed him. It was no mystery to the boy that the man should feel bound to give a decent burial to the companion of his many wanderings.

As they hacked at the baked ground to make a hole large enough for the pitiful bag of bones beside him, Alan had a sense of having assisted at the same scene before. Then he remembered that he had read the identical thing in a book of adventures written by one of his own Los Angeles townspeople. In the book it had seemed a necessary and practical deed to shoot a dangerous dog, but this affair of Flathers appealed to him as little short of murder. Flathers had been as much one of the party as Barney himself, and twice as companionable. When the earth finally hid him, the boy burst out crying. Jim looked at him curiously.

"Stop that. Come on," he said gruffly. "Stop it, I say," and he shook him into obedience. Alan never knew it, and Jim never knew it, but later those tears saved the boy's life.

In time they came up with the others, who had plodded stoically on without them. The remainder of the day was like the days that had gone before. Nothing more terrible can be said of it. At sundown a new weakness seized Alan; this time it was a giving way of brain instead of body.

"Jim," he said, clutching the big fellow fearlessly by the arm and hauling him around, "look back a moment. Do you see away beyond there? Somewhere over that way is Los Angeles. Why, I can see it. I can see my house. I can see the long, cool streets. It is late afternoon. The bells are ringing all over town, and whistles blowing, to say that work is done, and all the men are riding home on their wheels. I can smell the orange trees. It is a nice, wet smell. Can't you hear the water trickling? Everybody is sprinkling the garden. Betty is the boy now I am gone, and she is dragging the hose around, while Alice is setting the table. My mother is taking biscuits out of the oven, and she thinks of me while she does it. Then the tears run down her face. Oh, Jim, Jim, my mother is hoping that things are well with me, and I—oh, Jim!"

"Don't be a calf. You make me tired," grunted Jim.

"Jim, don't you understand? Haven't you any feelings?"

"Not your kind, thank goodness. Suppose, now, that you went tramping back to that all-fired pretty scene you've been slobbering over, would you ever get there?"

"No, that's why it chokes me to think of it."

"More fool you to think of it. Wouldn't you drop in your tracks and die?"

"Yes."

"Would your dropping and dying help your folks along, make it any easier for them to lose the home?"

"No, no."

"Oh! Got a lick of sense in you, after all, have you? *Course* I have feelings. Now my feelings is that it's a heap sight more helpful to keep on doing the things you've got to do, instead of frying out your strength molly-wobbling about things you can't do. Get Los Angeles at your back. Turn 'round the right way again. There, now! Clear ahead of you is the way out of this mess, so you freeze your face that way and keep your feet a-going. Hear? If you think it may help you any, I'll tell you something. See that little hump on those hills? You may think they're clouds, but they're hills. See them? Well, I'm pretty certain that there's the pass to take us off the desert. We should reach it by to-morrow morning—sure by to-morrow night. Think you can make it?"

"Yes," said Alan, clinching his teeth.

"Come on, then, and no more slopping over."

And it was as Jim said. In twenty hours they made their third camp in a new world. They leaped from the desert into paradise. On the other side of the hills was a land of cañons, where there was cold water to be had for the fetching, and the gold fields were anywhere that they chose to look.

In that high abode, where the air was as healing as the pure water, it took but a night's sleep to refresh them. Then followed busy days. They were far busier for the boy than for the men, for his complete duty was of an astounding variety. He was forager, he was cook, he was dishwasher; he was parent as well as guardian of the camp-fire; he was slave as well as master of the contrary-minded, vicious little burros that were always straying off and taking something valuable with them to munch on; he was scapegrace and errand

boy; and, to culminate disagreeable things, he was butt for much ill-natured wit, far worse for a boy to bear than blows. They were pleased, most of all, to make merry over Alan's "mine." The merriment had commenced at the close of the very first day. It had been an eventful one, filled with much staking off of claims, and writing up locations, and sampling of dirt for color; but its activity had not been perfectly satisfactory to Alan, and he probably showed it, for that evening, when he was fussing over "the chuck," Barney looked at him crossly and cried out:

"Now, what's the reason for the long face on the monkey, tell us?" He gave the face a cuff, probably to help shorten it.

"Nobody showed me what claim I could have," explained Alan, peaceably backing out of range. "I want to stake out a claim, too."

"Ho, hear that, all!" shouted Barney. "Why, sure, we've taken up about all there is. Still, there's a bit on that hill-top yonder. Make a locate on that. Go on with you, my boy."

"Call the hill claim yours," seconded Mr. Saunders, doubling up with his disagreeable, silent laughter.

"May I, Jim?" asked Alan, gloomily conscious that there was a joke afoot of which he knew nothing. Jim's answer explained it.

"That hill's no good. We prospected it from top to bottom. But it might pan out enough to keep you interested. And anyhow, I'll show you how to locate a claim. Come on. Then if you do strike color, it's yours fast enough."

"I'd better have a name for it, hadn't I?" asked Alan, when they had reached the hill-top and were working over measurements.

"Sure. What'll it be?"

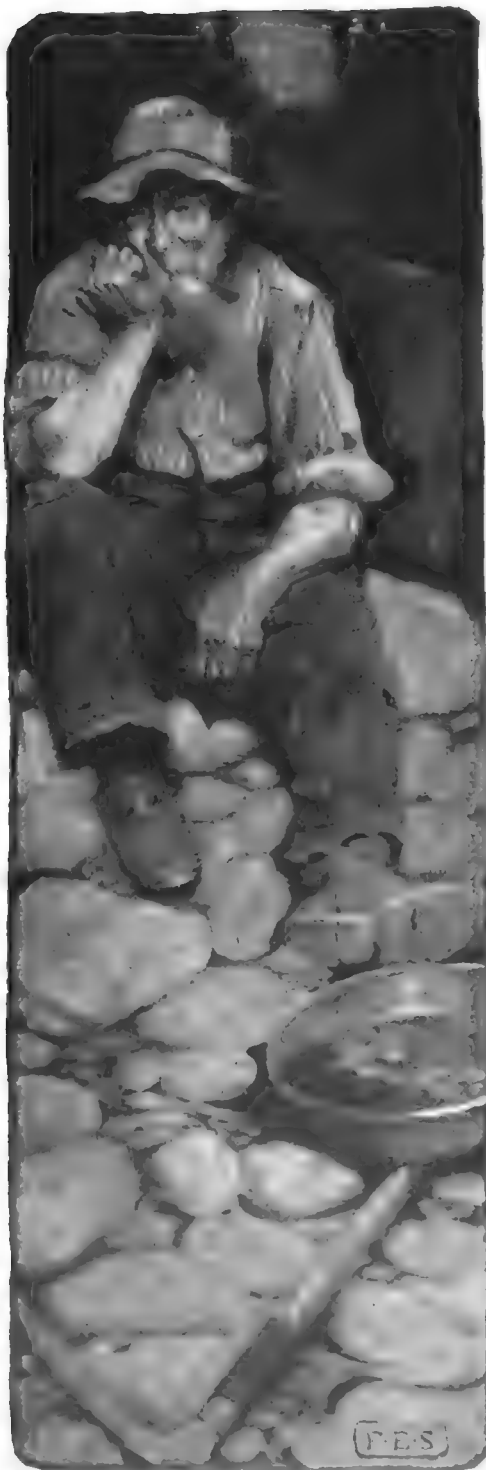
"The 'Jimdandy,'" said Alan shyly.

Jim, who was writing, kept on without comment; but when his paper was completed and formalities seemed to be concluded, he asked forcibly:

"Do you know what iron pyrite is?"

"Yes—no. Fool's gold, it's called. But I've never seen it."

"Well, here's a piece. This Jimdandy of yours is full of it. Take a good look, for knowledge may save you a big disappointment some day. I don't want you, sonny, to find a chunk of the stuff and go



MR. SAUNDERS.

mad for joy, only to get the laugh on you. We might as well go back to camp. The claim's yours now."

"But I can't work it, Jim. They told me that they'd brain me with the tools if I touched them."

"You take mine when they're not in use. Then if somebody gets brained, maybe it won't be you."

Knowing Jim's abhorrence of thanks, Alan said a mere "All right," just as carelessly as if he were not yearning to flop all over the man in one big embrace.

"Alice would be afraid of you, but Betty wouldn't mind, she'd want to fire them," ruminated Alan aloud, stopping in a horror as he perceived into what he had been led by watching Jim play with his fire-arms. Slowly Jim comprehended, and grinned, to Alan's extreme relief, for the boy knew how ill home pictures generally agreed with Jim.

When they got back to camp, there were hilarious things prophesied of the Jimdandy. It was "gold from the grass roots down," they assured him, and tearfully pleaded with him to remember them when he made his pile; and Alan tried to take it all without temper, but it was hard work.

As the days wore on, dissatisfaction grew, and ill-humor was rife, for though there was gold to be had, it was in wofully insufficient quantities. Alan could not understand how they could consider as worthless bits of quartz which glittered with honest metal, and he broached Barney on the subject. Barney was prospecting without success, as could be learned by his frequent bursts of loud laughter. Barney always laughed when he was angry, and the louder the angrier. These were pretty loud laughs, and he was throwing away bits of quartz to unnecessary distances and with wasteful force. Alan picked up a piece and eyed the gold hungrily.

"Barney, why do you throw it away? It's got the color."

"Commend my poor soul to you for a lad of good-for-nothing questions," breathed Barney, with fervid flow of words. "You see a three-cent fly-speck of gold, and you wink your sickly eye to the fact that it will cost a Christian man one dollar to get it out. Walk away with yourself before I make a further elucidation on your sorry head with the pick-point."

Alan needed no further invitation, but

walked away with himself as swiftly and as far as possible. It needed tact to live peaceably in those days.

From time to time bands of returning prospectors would cross the camp, and their reports were never very satisfactory. All agreed that there was most certainly a fortune in that region, but somehow nobody could find it.

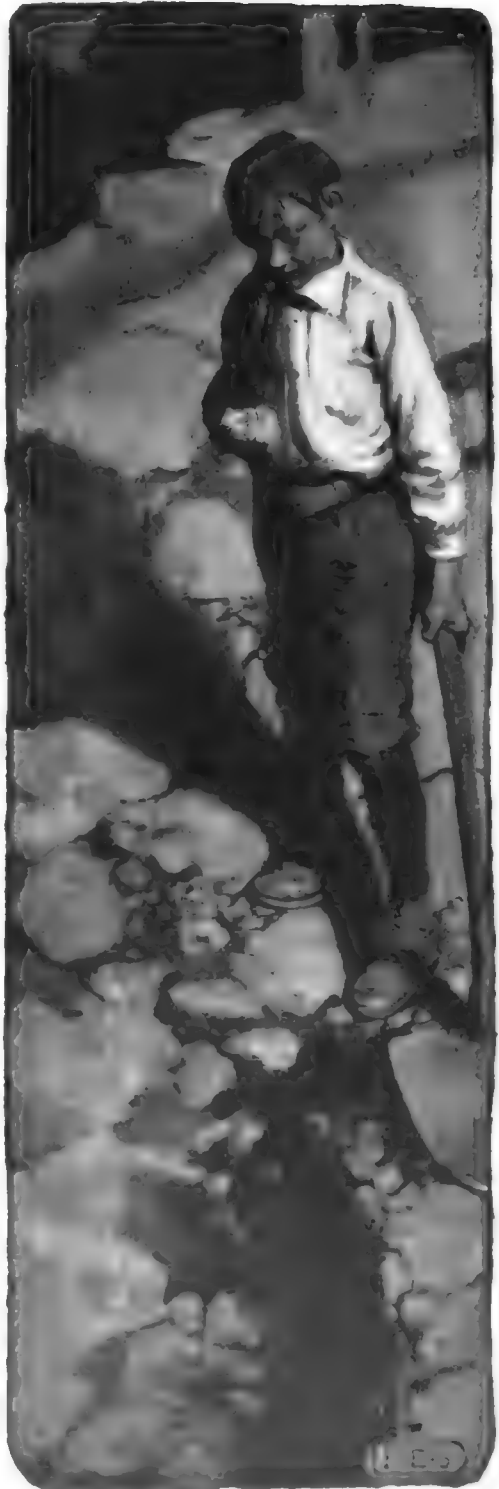
Of course Alan had a feeling that it would be found in the Jimdandy, and he worked with a fascination that no failure could lessen. He had to work always at night, for Jim's outfit was in pretty constant use in the daytime; so, during every moon the boy dug and picked and probed at his barren hill-top like a gnome in a fairy tale.

One night, for a beautiful, blinding instant, he thought that he had at last made the lucky strike. There in the overturned gravel lay a pocket of shining nuggets. He caught them up. They seemed greasy and heavy—like gold, gold, gold! His senses reeled. A big feeling swelled up within him and hammered at his heart until its frantic beating almost suffocated him. He jumped to his feet, put his hands like a trumpet to his lips, and made ready for a shout that would bring the camp on a run. Then Jim's warning came to him, and he forced himself to sit down to a calm, level-headed examination of the mineral. After the examination there was no need for shouting. Fool's gold, indeed, to set his senses reeling for the fun of mocking them! The disappointment was so cruel that he could work no more that night; and, so far as he was concerned, the moon which poured in dazzling beauty over the hills was a mere waste of glory.

He tried to keep the matter to himself, but the next day, in a spirit of weak longing for sympathy, he let it out. His confidant was Mr. Saunders, the only person handy at the time. Moreover, Mr. Saunders virtually broached the subject himself by going into a rage over a piece of the same cheating mineral.

"Pyrite, Mr. Saunders?" asked Alan politely, ducking his head to escape it as it came hurtling through the air in his express direction.

"What else is there to find in this hole of a place?" puffed Mr. Saunders, his face redder than usual, and his dirty hair the whiter by contrast.



ALAN PERCIVAL EVREMONDE.

"I have a lot of it on mine. I found a pocket of it last night, all in tiny lumps. Just like gold."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Saunders, beetling his white brows over his glittering eyes. "Show it!"

"I left it there," said Alan, a vague hope beginning to grow in his heart at the other's eagerness.

"Get a piece! I want a look at it."

With a full gush of expectant happiness, Alan raced to the Jimdandy, and in time found the pocket and the nuggets as he had left them. He was spared a return journey, for Mr. Saunders had followed and was now by his side.

"Give me! Lemme see!" said the old man, snatching greedily at the lumps. After devouring them with his eyes, he began to wag his head, doubling up as usual with his unpleasant, soundless laughter.

"Oh, you clever boy! I wish I had a son like you. Oh, you *are* clever!"

"Have I found gold?" shrieked Alan.

Mr. Saunders gave him a fierce look. "Why, no, you thin idiot! This is fool gold, just as you said it was. That's why you're clever, to know it when you see it." Again the silent laughter came upon him, and a sort of nervous trembling. He slid the lumps into his pocket. Alan turned upon him such a big eye that he jerked them out and offered them jeeringly:

"Why, does baby want its playthings?"

"I don't!" said Alan angrily; then, as the lumps disappeared with finality into Mr. Saunders's pocket, he could not forbear from asking curiously, "But what in the world do *you* want with them?"

"Oh, for nothing. To play a joke on Barney. We'll salt Barney's claim for him. Give me all you get, and we'll load it on to Barney and set him a-finding of it. Come."

"Barney don't like me. I'm friends with Jim. I'd rather play a joke on Jim."

"You've got quite pretty views on friendship, it strikes me."

"Well, Barney would think I did it to be mean, but Jim would know it was only fun."

This new idea seemed to please Mr. Saunders. "All right. Jim's the one. Not a word to him, mind, and you'll see rare doings. And now be about your business. You've wasted time enough."

It was hard work to be about his business that day, not that he had nothing to do,

for there was plenty, but his mind kept returning to this episode with Mr. Saunders, and one or two things about it worried him. More, he had a fancy that Barney and the old man went together to prospect on the Jimdandy, and they had no business there. The boy hardly knew whether he wanted to keep things secret from Jim or not.

That night, when he went again to his delving on the hill-top, all the fascination was gone. He unearthed a few more specimens of greenish-yellow pyrites, and used them moodily as missiles at the innocent moon. Then he sat down to ruminate upon the uncertainty of life, the gnawingness of hunger, the lonesomeness of lonesomeness, and a few other deep things. After a while he exhausted his capacity for being miserable, and cheered up, being helped to that comfortable end by catching sight of a distant group of horsemen, who might and might not strike the camp.

He went at once to tell the others. When he approached quite near, he saw that he had come so quietly that he was not yet noticed, so, to make a good job better, he dropped upon all fours, and with exaggerated caution wriggled unseen into their very midst, intending to announce himself loudly when he saw a chance to make them jump. But he forgot his plan by becoming interested in the tale they were telling. Barney and Mr. Saunders were the *raconteurs*, and Jim did the listening, his arms folded and his crossed hands playing with the heads of his weapons. They were huddled around a fire of big logs, just the setting to make a story enjoyable.

By coming in at the end of it, Alan had missed most of the detail, but what was left was murderous enough to be satisfactory. It appeared to be about a friendless boy, and certainly a silly one, who had a big treasure on him without knowing it, and who had fallen among thieves who discussed with beautiful frankness the advisability of killing him.

"They did not admit the tearing necessity for murder," Barney was saying, "only the wonderful convenience of it. And why not? What's one monkey more or less in a world that's full of them?" His face showed as ill and white as the flesh of bad fish. Alan felt sorry for him.

"There's the situation," whispered Mr. Saunders, who was straining forward, almost in the fire, and was tapping with his

long knife upon the unburned end of a log. "If they let the kid go, he'd keep on making a mush of trouble for them, but if they quieted him once for all, no one would ever know it. The fortune, divided, would pay all round handsomely. There's the situation."

It was all said in a whisper, and he seemed to throw his knife in a whisper, too, for with a silent gleam it flashed through the air and stuck upright in the log. Over its quivering Mr. Saunders glared hotly into the faces of his companions. They were quite worked up over the story of that little boy.

"And what did they do to him, Mr. Saunders?" sung out Alan, as excited as the rest. His voice exploded like a bomb.

"By heaven, they killed him!" panted Mr. Saunders, lurching forward to pull his knife from the log. "They cut his heart out for him! That's what they did! They killed him!" The knife flashed free, and Alan screamed.

"Say, did they?" asked Jim pleasantly—too pleasantly. His voice was as smooth as velvet. He outpurled a cat on a hearth-rug. "Aren't you thinking of another story, Mr. Saunders? They didn't kill him, did they?"

Jim had unfolded his arms and had forgotten to leave his guns in his belt. One of them was wiggling carelessly at Barney, and the other at Mr. Saunders. Pistols in Jim's hands meant nothing, but his society voice meant a horrible lot.

"They didn't kill him, did they?" he insisted, with an extra-persuasive wiggle of the Saunders-pointing pistol.

"No," muttered Mr. Saunders carefully, putting his knife down on the ground.

"Speak up, Barney, what do *you* think?" urged Jim, with an imperceptible wiggle of the Barney pistol.

"Ho, to my thinking, they left the little beast alone!" said Barney, bursting into his loudest laughter.

Still as flat as a lizard, Alan crawled into Jim's arms. He lay there shaking, asking through chattering teeth, as if sobbing:

"What's the matter, Jim? What do they want to kill me for?"

"They don't," said Jim laconically.

"But why *did* they?"

"Ah, that was just their fun," said Jim.

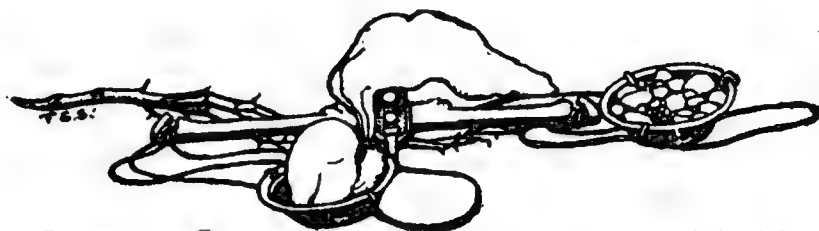
"Jim's got the sense of it, so you shut your monkey mouth," hissed Barney. All could hear the approach of horsemen, and were rising to meet them.

"But what did they want to be funny for?" persisted Alan, still clinging to Jim, and getting hauled upright.

"Why, they was feeling good. The Jimdandy has panned out a streak of gold. What you handed over to Saunders this morning was worth close on to two hundred dollars, and there's likely two hundred times two hundred where that came from. You've found the dump we've been hunting for. If it runs straight through your claim, you're worth your million. Even if it comes to a short stop, you've got enough in sight to put a-top of your mother's house so as to hold it down for good, with a dollar or two left to buy Betty a pistol," and Jim's rare grin flickered again on his face.

Alan's song of delight swelled into a chorus with the arrival of the strangers. He was congratulated in thumps which bent him double, and in hand-shakes which wrung his fingers sore. A triumphal visit was made to the Jimdandy, and speeches were delivered and drinks circulated round upon that moon-irradiated crest. Alan went to sleep that night the most giddy-headed boy in all the West.

If he dreamed of going back with the homeward journeying prospectors; of reaching Los Angeles a hero whose fame had long preceded him; of buying in the home and settling it upon an adoring mother and sisters; of applying himself to an education which would fit him to control his fortune when it came into his hands; of receiving infrequent, but impressive visits from Jim, who, as manager of the Jimdandy, could come now and then to report progress, and to fill two little girls' heads with fearful ideas—if he dreamed of these and of all the other delights of riches, then waking brought no disappointment, for the happy future held them all.



TRAVELLING ONE HUNDRED AND TEN MILES AN HOUR.

THE STORY OF MR. F. B. BEHR'S REMARKABLE SINGLE-RAIL MOTOR.

BY F. B. BEHR AND ARTHUR C. JOHNSON.

The Monorail, as perfected by Mr. Behr, has proved so practicable that Parliament has recently passed a bill for the construction of a road between Manchester and Liverpool.

"CHANGE here for the Monorail!"
The train guard at the Manchester Station passed down the length of the dusty London express, unlatching the compartment doors and allowing the passengers, like so many animals emerging from their cages, to alight on the platform.

A New Yorker is hastily extracting his bundles of travelling rugs and his handbags from under the compartment seat. The hotel pasters on his luggage plainly show that he has been down among the tourist entertainers of Italy, Switzerland, and France. The fact is, he landed at Naples from New York over two months ago, and has ever since been cramming all European sights possible into a three months' vacation. The London "season" has come near to being his undoing, and he is now rushing to board the last steamer that can possibly land him in New York in time to report at the Broadway office just as his three months' leave expires.

"Going through by the Monorail, sir?" inquires a polite station attendant, stepping up and touching his cap.

"The Monorail? Oh—yes—sure enough. That's the name of the line. They told me this train would connect with the 11.09 coach. Can I make it?"

"Left six minutes ago, sir."

"What!"

"Another motor leaves in four minutes, sir. She is waitin', now, sir."

"Huh!" ejaculates the New Yorker. "Thirty-four miles to Liverpool, and that steamer pulls up gang-plank at twelve sharp. It's fifteen minutes after eleven, now."

"Get y' there in twenty minutes, sir."

"What!"

"Next Monorail train arrives at Liverpool at 11.39, sir. Can I assist y' with yer luggage?"

The New Yorker scrutinized his watch and then incredulously gazed at the attendant. He put his watch away with a snap and seized his hand-bag.

"Lead off, Colonel!" he dramatically ordered. "If this is the new fence-rail system I have read about, I'm game. I must catch that steamer if I have to go to Liverpool by balloon."

Across the station and beyond the domain of the double-track railway's network of greasy irons stood the 11.19 regular train of the Liverpool and Manchester Monorail system.

The New Yorker was introduced to a neat and highly burnished car with a shining glass cabin in front, which looked like the beak of some monstrous, fantastic creature. One or two gleaming levers was all he could see within. At the opposite end of this creation men were piling baggage into a queer little room, and people with handbags and bundles were disappearing through a door that interrupted the long series of windows making up the centre of the car. The affair appeared to him like two railway coaches grown together lengthwise, and placed astraddle of an "A"-shaped trestle, like a huge, fat clothes-pin on a line. A glistening rail running lengthwise on the top of the trestle came somewhere from the depths of the car, and stretched in a straight tangent out through the station house and over the city.

Not a wheel was there in sight, yet this queer car was to run on wheels over that single rail from Manchester to Liverpool, thirty-four miles away, and do it in twenty minutes.

"Step right aboard, sir!" called the attendant, holding open the door in the side of the car.

"Looks queer," said the New Yorker to himself, "but I guess it is not as dangerous as walking a tight-rope, and then—I want that steamer."

The door clicked shut after him, a gong sounded sharply, and before he had found a place in the long row of plush-covered seats that bounded either side of a narrow aisle, and stowed away his luggage, a gentle



FROM MANCHESTER TO LIVERPOOL IN TWENTY MINUTES ON A SINGLE RAIL. "IT IS THE DUTY OF THE GUIDE-RAILS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TRESTLE TO SUPPORT THEM [THE CARS AND LOCOMOTIVES] WHEN THE EQUILIBRIUM IS DESTROYED BY TOO GREAT A SPEED."

rolling sensation told him that the train was in motion. The droning of an electric motor rising to a higher and higher pitch, and the regular click of car wheels over rail joints were the sounds that came to his ears, as the peculiar vehicle moved out on its trestle and soared along over the roofs of the Manchester houses. The noise of the wheels was muffled, though distinct, and it came somewhere from the rear of the New Yorker as he sat facing the windows of the compartment. It was plainly evident that within the partition which separated the two long compartments of the coach, and formed the back of the New Yorker's seat, were hidden the wheels that were spinning along the top of that wonderful "A"-shaped trestle. Being an American, it was a most natural thing for the New Yorker to bring to mind those individuals who steal rides wherever they may on the American railway train, and he smiled as he pictured to himself the consternation of his friends when he told them that he actually "rode the trucks" in England.

When he went to the end of the aisle and peered around the partition, he found the opposite compartment also filled with people. They were all chatting or reading newspapers, and each seemed quite unmoved by anxiety or any alarm over the warnings of the motor beneath the coach, which had now raised its hum to a shrill soprano pitch, and was climbing higher and higher up the scale every moment.

Manchester was melting into sparsely settled suburbs, and the car was swooping down from its position in mid-air to seek a level nearer the ground, now that the city was cleared. The clicks of the wheels on the rail inside the partition were commencing to beat with the rhythm of a fast gallop played by an orchestra.

"A wonderful train!" remarked the New Yorker to a well-dressed gentleman who sat opposite.

"Yes, it does very well," replied the gentleman, who bore the look of a prosperous merchant. "I hope to get over to Liverpool, see my partner, and get back to Manchester before luncheon. You see, the telephone wires were working beastly this morning, and as it's a matter of only twenty minutes each way, I thought I could attend to business better by running over myself."

The conversation, which was for the time promising, here lagged and died, for the

New Yorker, almost spellbound, was watching farms and country houses, stone walls and green hedges, slide past the car windows as if they were bewitched.

"A hundred an' ten an hour is pretty good time, eh?" called the Manchester merchant above the rush and roar. He received no answer, for the New Yorker had jumped suddenly to catch sight of a pretty village, which came and went in the car window like a picture on a stereopticon screen.

Warrington and several other towns flew by like phantoms.

On the curves, which were sharper than any two-rail system ever dared to consider even in a survey, the passengers lurched slightly in their seats, but the coach itself caught the tilt of each curve and rounded it with no more disturbance than an increased roar of the wheels. The New Yorker noticed the absence of grinding flanges and general screeching which an ordinary railway train gives forth on a painful curve. The Manchester merchant caught the expression of inquiry on his face.

"It's the guide-rails that do it," he called over. "There are two of them on each side."

Sure enough. The guide-wheels running along the two rails down on the trestle on either side were playing their parts, and as the coach plunged at the dizzy curves, they caught its lurch and kept it firmly on the wonderful cross-country hobby-horse. The perpendicularity of the little wheels to the guide-rails saved the grinding, and changed the customary strain of a railway train at a curve to a gentle roll.

The New Yorker at last found his voice.

"There ought to be some dust," he expostulated. "We people in America do not consider we are travelling at any speed at all unless we raise a cloud of dust."

The Manchester merchant allowed a triumphant grin to o'erspread his features, and then he spoke.

"We're riding over a lawn," he said. "How could there be dust when there is grass? Happy idea, wasn't it, this sowing of grass seed beneath the trestle?"

The New Yorker looked incredulous, then settled back in his seat and dreamed of riding over geranium beds and daisy patches at the rate of one hundred and ten miles an hour. He was commencing to figure the profits on a railway company's crop of mushrooms culled from beneath its trestle

in a meadow, when the car, bounding around an unusually sharp curve, brought him back to the realities of his present ride.

But the spell was upon him, and in a moment more he had taken out his pencil and was busily making figures on the margin of a newspaper. He cast up a column of the numerals, and then slapped his knee with enthusiasm.

"Why, visiting Philadelphia would be like stepping next door," he exclaimed, "and it would be no trick at all to run to Chicago for lunch, and get back to New York in time for dinner in the evening. Let me see, my uncle out in Denver could come to New York in—but what's the use? It's fast riding, anyway."

On and on sped the car. The drone of

"It's glorious," was what he said to the Manchester merchant. "Why," he continued, "I spend more time every day getting from the Post-office up to Harlem. Well, I'm off for the docks. Good-by."

HAS MR. BEHR SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF RAPID TRANSIT?

The Manchester and Liverpool Monorail is not a system which existed in dim ages past, nor is it a Utopian dream of the coming decades. It is a reality of the next few months.

Has the dawn of the twentieth century solved the problem of rapid transit? If the claims of Engineer F. B. Behr, of London, for his proposed monorail system are substantiated by actual experience, it would certainly seem so. During the close of the nineteenth century the railroad engineers of the world have all been at work trying to solve the problem of more speed, less expense, and more safety. Mr. Behr claims he has solved the problem in his monorail, and he has convinced some of the most conservative capitalists of England to a point where they have raised \$14,000,000 for the purpose of testing his plans in a practical way.

What Mr. Behr proposes, in brief, is to construct a monorail railway connecting



"WITHIN THE PARTITION WHICH SEPARATED THE TWO LONG COMPARTMENTS OF THE COACH, AND FORMED THE BACK OF THE NEW YORKER'S SEAT, WERE HIDDEN THE WHEELS THAT WERE SPINNING ALONG THE TOP OF THAT WONDERFUL 'A'-SHAPED TRESTLE."

the motor was now lost in the roar of the spinning wheels. The New Yorker pulled out his watch—11.35 London time. The low hills around Liverpool were just coming up. The city was not in sight. Yet four minutes later, when the car had taken a sudden up-shoot, the door of the compartment was opened, and the New Yorker trooped forth with the other passengers into the neat station near the Liverpool Exchange.

Manchester and Liverpool, a fraction over thirty-four miles in length, to be operated by electricity at an average speed of close to one hundred and ten miles per hour, and at a cost so far below that at which a two-rail system could be operated that its success promises to practically force the two-rail systems out of competition for passenger traffic. Mr. Behr is not considering the freight traffic at all in his Manchester-Liverpool line. He will cater entirely to



"NOT A WHEEL WAS THERE IN SIGHT, YET THIS QUEER CAR WAS TO RUN ON WHEELS OVER THAT SINGLE RAIL FROM MANCHESTER TO LIVERPOOL, THIRTY-FOUR MILES AWAY."

the passenger business, and proposes to offer to the travelling public about double the speed of ordinary trains, and at the same time guarantee absolute safety; comfort even exceeding the ordinary passenger trains of to-day; freedom from dust, cinders, and smoke; and promptness of service.

With such a programme, no wonder the railway companies of England have been opposing his project before Parliament. If he is able to deliver the goods, and there seems to be good reason to believe that he will, not only the railroads of England, but of practically the whole world, will be compelled to adopt the monorail system, for passenger traffic at least. It will mean a complete revolution of the present railway methods; it will mean that a trip from New York to San Francisco can be made in approximately thirty hours, as against one hundred and fifteen now. It will bring Chicago within half a day's journey of New York. It will open a method for the application of electricity to transcontinental travel in a practical and cheap manner. It will render the constant effort of inventors to find a method of navigating the air futile

and useless, for the train on the monorail is to all intents and purposes a chained flying-machine. At full speed the rails act simply as a guide and means of control.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MONORAIL.

Monorail systems are not new things in this world, hence it will not be difficult to tell what a monorail is like or describe its operation. A trestle shaped like a letter "A," with an average height of four feet on level ground, upholds the single rail on which the train travels. The cars and locomotives are simply placed astride of this rail, and it is the duty of the guide-rails on either side of the trestle to support them when the equilibrium is destroyed by too great a speed on curves or too heavy loading on one side.

It is claimed for monorail trains that they cannot leave the track, for on the curves the guide-rails exchange offices in such a manner with the top, or carrying rail, that the train is held firmly in place, even while moving at top speed. Either steam or electric motor power may be used.

On the steam monorail roads now in existence the locomotives have each two boilers of the ordinary locomotive variety, and each boiler is distinctively on one side of the rail, just as a team of horses stands each on one side of the wagon pole. The running gear is between.

The coaches have been made in various forms. Some of them represent ordinary railway coaches, save for being bisected to almost a third of their depth by the tunnel in which the wheels are placed. Others are completely partitioned inside to make two long compartments, one on either side of the rail. The compartments of the coaches and the boilers of the locomotives are the ordinary distance from the ground, so that with the running gear well up in the interior, plenty of equilibrium is secured in the same manner as a champagne cork with two pen-knives stuck into it on opposite sides is balanced upon the point of a needle. The development of this invention may be traced in a few words.

THE HISTORY OF THE INVENTION.

Mr. Behr's attention was first directed to monorails in 1882, when the French engineer, M. Charles Lartigue, conceived the construction of a very primitive monorail in Algeria to replace a small narrow-gauge line for the carrying of agricultural produce through a very sandy plain. He found that the ordinary light railway was practically of no use, as it was swallowed up in the sand. Therefore, it occurred to him that by raising the carrying rail from two to three feet above the surface of the soil he would get a smooth surface free from sand on which to carry his produce. The Lartigue system was the simplest form of monorail, having but one carrying rail, and no guide-wheels or guide-rails. The trestles were wooden affairs placed on the sandy soil, with no sleepers. The hauling was effected by mules.

Behr's first experiments were conducted with a small railway, which he built at



"A TRESTLE SHAPED LIKE A LETTER 'A,' WITH AN AVERAGE HEIGHT OF FOUR FEET ON LEVEL GROUND, UPHOLDS THE SINGLE RAIL ON WHICH THE TRAIN TRAVELS."



IN THE REPAIR SHOPS. "LIKE TWO RAILWAY COACHES GROWN TOGETHER LENGTHWISE."

Westminster, London, in 1886. Encouraged by his success there, a year later he obtained an Act of Parliament, which enabled him to build a line ten miles long, from Listowel to Ballybunion, in Ireland. This line was opened in February, 1888, and it is still working quite satisfactorily.

The Listowel-Ballybunion line has been the object of much interest in the railroad world, and the pilgrimage point of many an expert and curiosity seeker. It is a light system, designed for a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. Some of the curves have a radius as sharp as fifty-four feet in diameter, and many of the grades are very heavy. The locomotives of the line are of the two-boiler variety. Many of the coaches bear the appearance of having once been legitimate railway coaches which had been cut in two lengthwise, with the two outsides cemented together. This makes the roof of the car highest at the edges, and sloping to a gutter in the centre. The guide-rail system is single, consisting of but one rail on each side of the trestle.

The idea of utilizing the monorails for

the making of speed did not present itself strongly to Mr. Behr until 1892. Previous to this he had considered its usefulness to be limited to the sharp curves it was possible to make with it, and the heavy gradients that might be operated with safety.

"After listening to the papers and discussions at the Railroad Congress at Frankfurt," says Mr. Behr, "it occurred to me that the project of attaining a high rate of speed on a two-rail railway was so expensive and commercially so difficult that I tried to find another way of attaining the proposed speed, and hit upon the monorail as an agent to fulfil the plan. The first requirements were, of course, absolute safety and security from derailment, and it appeared to me that no other style of line offered the same guarantee on these two vital points.

"There can be no doubt, theoretically speaking," he continues, "that when the carriage is constructed with all the necessary care, and so designed as to have the centre of gravity below the top rail, the track itself being sufficiently strong and the guide-rails placed in a proper posi-

tion, derailment becomes practically impossible."

These theories were tested on a large scale at the International Exposition at Brussels in 1897. The line constructed under Mr. Behr's directions had the shape of a closed ellipse formed by two straight lines and joined together by semicircles. It was over three miles long, and the trestles were four feet and one inch high. There were two guide-rails on both sides, and the carrying rail weighed eighty-four pounds per yard, instead of twenty-eight pounds, as on the Irish line. The carriage was over sixty feet long, and had a capacity of one hundred passengers. The power used was electricity, and the coach, including the motors, weighed seventy tons. Though the line was constructed and worked under unfavorable conditions, the results obtained were most conclusive and satisfactory. A



MR. F. B. BEHR, OF LONDON, WHO HAS PERHAPS SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF RAPID TRANSIT.

regular speed of eighty-three miles per hour with a car weighing seventy tons was obtained on the curves with absolute safety. The scheme was tested in every possible manner. The deflections of the guide-rails and the top rail were measured carefully by special instruments placed all over the line, and in no instance was there any tendency on the part of a carriage to derail. The carriage was even cut in two and half the guide-rails removed, with the same satisfactory result. A royal commission was appointed by the Belgian Government to continue the experiment conjointly with Mr. Behr, and the measurements and observations of this committee wholly bear out Mr. Behr's statements.

"When I returned to England in 1898," says Mr. Behr, "I felt convinced that everything had been tested and proved in such a manner that it was quite safe to undertake the building of a line for the purpose of carrying on a regular passenger traffic at the average speed of at least one hundred miles an hour."

PECULIAR ADVANTAGES LYING BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL.

The cities of Liverpool and Manchester present peculiar advantages for the trial of a new departure. The distance between them, thirty-four and one-half miles, is just sufficient without being too long, and their large populations, their common interests, and their constant intercourse—commercial, industrial, and social—seem to single them out before others for this trial. These were, no doubt, the same reasons which influenced Stephenson to select Liverpool and Manchester for the construction of the first steam railway. After public meetings in both cities a powerful syndicate with a capital of fourteen million dollars was organized. Capital was privately subscribed for promoting the Behr Railway Bill in Parliament. A bill asking for a charter for the proposed monorailway between Liverpool and Manchester was laid before the Railway Committee of the House of Commons in May, 1900, but was thrown out, with an intimation, however, that if certain modifications were made in the interest of the communities through whose territory the proposed line was to pass, the bill might be favorably acted upon at a subsequent session. The measure was again presented this year, and



"MANCHESTER WAS MELTING INTO SPARSELY SETTLED SUBURBS, AND THE CAR WAS SWOOPING DOWN FROM ITS POSITION IN MID-AIR TO SEEK A LEVEL NEARER THE GROUND, NOW THAT THE CITY WAS CLEARED."

was duly passed. Ground has been broken, and by this time the enterprise is under full way. A similar line is projected between London and Brighton.

WHAT MR. BEHR PROPOSES TO DO.

To us poor mortals who consider sixty and seventy-five miles per hour mighty fast travelling on a railway train, the comprehension of running thirty-four miles in twenty minutes, and making this run many times a day as a matter of course, is hard to gain. Engineer Behr on his electric train proposes to leave a mile behind him on the major portion of the road every half minute and two or three seconds. He pro-

poses not only to attain a maximum speed of one hundred and ten miles an hour while *en route* from Liverpool to Manchester, or *vice versa*, but to attain the speed on every one of thirty-two miles out of this thirty-four-mile stretch. When one considers the fact that an ordinary railway train on an average strip of road runs at least five miles before getting up to a maximum speed of seventy or seventy-five miles an hour, and must have nearly as much of this distance to enable it to slow down safely, it seems a wonderful feat to be accomplished. Yet with these precedents before him, Engineer Behr announces that trains on the monorail system will attain a speed of one hundred and ten miles an hour within two miles of the starting-point, and brakes will not be applied until the train is within twelve hundred yards of the terminal station. There are, of course, to be no intermediate stations. The rapid starting and stopping facilities are to be applied in the most simple

manner. Entering the outskirts of Liverpool the track trestles will rise to a height of twenty feet above the street, and from this will rise gradually until the trains have attained an altitude of sixty-eight feet at the station.

At the Manchester end of the line, the expedient for starting and stopping is the same as at Liverpool. Starting on a viaduct from Deansgate, the very heart of the business centre of the town, the line will pass downward into a deep cutting which takes it through Salford and out past the boroughs and country districts. Just as at Liverpool, this heavy grade will stop trains when they come in, and start them when they go.

The train will consist of but a single car,

regulated in size according to the business of the hour, and it is proposed to install a service of ten-minute trains from each terminus, thus giving one hundred trains per day in either direction.

Some clever ideas have been conceived in regard to operating all these trains safely, and avoiding collisions. The system provides that the line shall be divided into five sections of about seven miles each. Thus there will always be a complete block of at least seven miles in front of each train.

There will be block signals along the way, but it will not be the duty of the driver to observe them, as on a dial in front of him in his cage will appear the warning, "Line clear" or "Line blocked," as the case may be, and during the time the line is blocked a bell will ring continuously in the car, the bell being worked by an electric current, separate from the operating current, which only the driver himself can divert. This current passes at the same time through a current breaker, depriving the motors of the main electrical current from the generating station. By the same agent the brakes are put on automatically.

All the electricity to be used on the system will be generated in a powerful plant at Warrington, and transformed at five substations along the line into currents of the proper voltage.

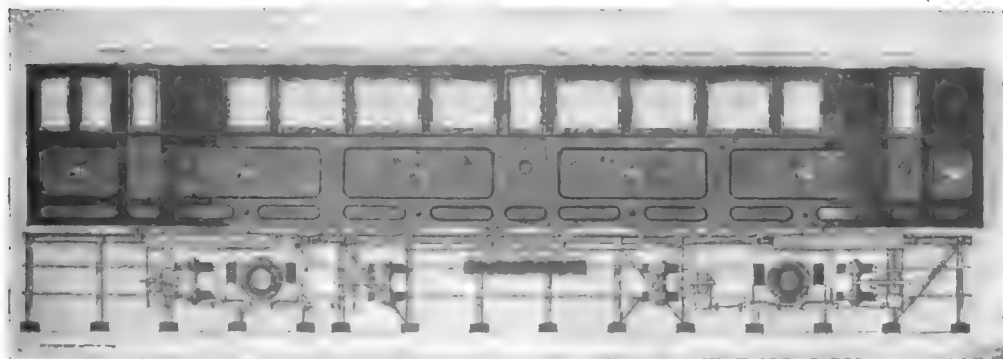
In connection with the cost of operating the monorail, Engineer Behr advances the assertion that working expenses would be covered if there were an average of but eight persons travelling per train at the same fare now charged by the existing railway companies. He also says that if each train averaged twenty passengers, or four

thousand people travelled each day, there would be a net profit sufficient to pay five per cent. on the capital of the company.

The speed and safety of the monorail system, and its cheapness, both of construction and operation, are sufficient, he says, to commend it.

"There is no doubt," argues Behr, "that the only practical solution of the ever-multiplying problem of the management of the great railway lines lies principally in the separation of the high-speed from the ordinary low-speed traffic by placing them on separate rails. This would produce at once the possibility of punctuality on all the trains and would dispose of at least ninety per cent. of all the causes of accidents. It would also allow the lowering of the tariff both for passengers and goods, still leaving an increased margin of profit to the railway company."

Conceding that Mr. Behr has indeed solved the rapid transit problem, for the most noted experts admit reluctantly that theoretically his plan is perfect, and all practical tests have so far been most successful, then, indeed, has the millennium in the railway world come at last: no more railway accidents, no spreading rails and collisions, no dust, no cinders, no mixing up with freight trains on sidings, and add to this a speed that is greater than man has ever yet been able to attain. The railway journey of the future will be an exhilarating dream—a wild dash through the air without fear of accident. What wonderful possibilities to the civilized world! Distance will at last fail to have any meaning, and the electric car on the monorail will mean to the world the acme of modern progress.



CROSS-SECTION OF CARS AND TRESTLE ARRANGEMENT ON THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER MONORAIL SYSTEM.



"ALL THE PERSIAN'S SKILL COULD NOT SAVE HIS HORSE."



BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

BY WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE WOODWARD ZEIGLER, WITH DECORATIONS BY JOHN E. LAUB.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KING OF THE BOW.

DARIUS had been assigned a spacious suite of rooms in the old palace of Nebuchadnezzar; he had his own guards, his own Persian body-servants. The prince's private chamber was a high vaulted room, elegantly tiled, with little windows pierced in the arching roof. During the heat of the day, the serving lads sprinkled the brick floor with water, and as this evaporated there arose a refreshing vapor. All that afternoon the prince had kept to his chamber, and appeared to be in even less of a merry mood than had been his wont lately. Boges, the doorkeeper, was whispering to Ariæus the chamberlain that their master must have been mightily disturbed over the murderous attack on the king during the feast in the Gardens.

"As Ahura lives!" protested he, "there is somewhat on his mind. He has kept company with his writing tablets all day."

And it was indeed so; for though the scribe's art was not commonly among the accomplishments of an Aryan nobleman, Darius had long since mastered it; and now for long he had sat with his stylus in hand. Boges had ventured once the question:

"And does my prince require me to send Artabanus to copy the despatches to Susa?"

"I do not," came the curt answer.

Presently Darius rose from his stool, and turned to the doorkeeper.

"The time grows late," said he; "the city gates will soon be shut. Yet no messenger has come from Cyrus? from Susa?"

"None, master; we have heard that the Elamite mountain tribes are restless and stop couriers."

"Couriers of Cyrus? No, no, Boges—the Elamites are not the delayers."

"Who, if not they, lord?"

"I do not know," was the answer, in a tone that made the servant sure his superior had lively suspicions.

Just as the prince was about to let the chamberlain lead him to the bath, his eye lit on a new-comer among the attendants by the door. His tone changed to good-natured banter, for he saw his favorite body-servant, a keen-witted Persian of about his own age.

"Ha, Ariathes! So you have been roaming about the city once more. Tell me, is there one beer-house in all Babylon you left unvisited?"

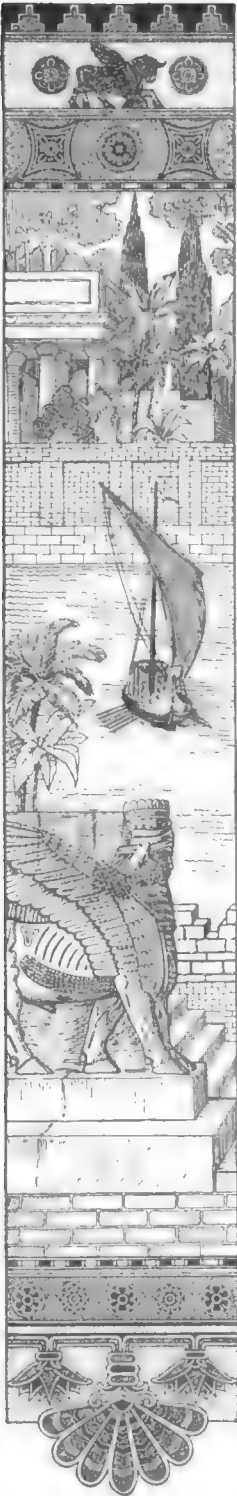
"My prince," answered Ariathes very respectfully, "I have heard something that made me in no mood for palm wine. And I think my lord should hear it also." There was something in the rascal's eye that made Darius bid the others stand back, while he led Ariathes to the end of the chamber, after drawing close the door-curtain.

"Well, fellow," began he lightly, "your tales are commonly of black eyes and deep wine-pots. What now—a strapping lass slapped you?" But Ariathes did not smile.

"My lord," he said, "I have quite another story. Does the prince remember Igas, the captain who flogged the old Jew?"

"Assuredly."

"I have hatched a friendship with him. He has been taking me about the city. To-day we went to the grove of Istar, and the girls who serve the goddess brought wine enough to make us stagger till the Great Day. But it was too sweet, and I took little; though Igas would never cease pulling at his beaker. At last, when he seemed well filled, he led me to the summit of the great temple tower to have a sight of the wide city. The tower stands by the northern wall, where Ai-bur-shabou Street passes through the gate of Istar, close by the canal. There is a marvellous view; but what made me wonder most was the



sight of many squadrons of horsemen drilling in the open country—ten thousand lances, to my thinking.

"Ha!" Darius had started involuntarily.

"I said to Igas, 'Brother, what are all these horsemen? Your king is at peace. To maintain so many cavalry will make his treasury as empty as a leaky water-skin.' Thereupon he began to laugh, then, clapping his hand across my eyes, he cried, 'Ah, my dear Persian, your sight is too keen! Ask no troublesome questions! Come, let us go back to the maids and the wine.'"

"And you followed him?" asked Darius.

"Yes, lord; but not until I counted the squadrons and saw chariot brigades with them."

"But why should Igas try to conceal this? Belshazzar is a great king. We all know Babylon has a powerful garrison."

"True; but let my lord take what my bucket drew up from Igas-Ramman's well. He began by vowing he would peril his head if he chirped once about the army of his master; then straightway all this comes out—the garrison of

Babylon is being increased, the troops in Eridhu and Larsam are being sent north to strengthen the frontier posts, there is a gang of laborers at work enclosing Borsippa within the defences of Babylon. Finally, the militia of the country districts are being armed."

"For what enemy?"

"My lord can guess better than I. When I pressed Igas, he only laughed tenfold louder than common; but he was drunken, and soon fell over upon the bricks."

"Ariathes," said Darius, "you are a man of nimble wit. Do you think Belshazzar is sincere in seeking peace with Cyrus?"

The other smiled grimly.

"I am only my lord's slave. Who am I to meddle in the affairs of princes?"

Ariathes was about to salaam before withdrawing, but the prince spoke again. "Look you, we have been for days in Babylon, yet no courier comes from Susa with despatches. What does it mean?"

"Have I not said I am blind to affairs of state?"

"Then receive sight; for you need two wide-open eyes, as well as a ruly tongue. Cast about and find some means of sending a letter from Babylon without Belshazzar smelling it. My last messenger travelled openly. Understand?"

Ariathes replied with a low bow. Darius returned to his seat, took his writing tablet, and mutilated the letter just completed. In its stead he stamped a brief message, which he did not place in the chest by the wall, but wrapped in linen and hid in his bosom; for suspicion was haunting him that the very pictures on the bricks could see all that befell in this palace.

"It grows late, my lord," admonished the chamberlain, after a discreet interval; "will you go to the vizier's feast?"

"I will go," replied the master testily, and he suffered the servants to dress him.

As he went to the palace court to take chariot, the inevitable multitude of palace servants crowded around, bowing and scraping. The press was so dense that the staff-bearers had no little ado clearing the way. Suddenly, out of the crowd Darius recognized a familiar face—an old eunuch, Masisetes, a Persian body-servant of Atossa, come from Susa with the embassy. The two were side by side only for an instant.

"Your lady is well?" demanded Darius.

"She is well," was the cautious answer,

"but do not seem to speak to me. Read this in secret. It is from her."

Masistes was swallowed in the throng before Darius had time to startle.

"The chariots are ready, my lord," Boges was shouting.

The prince felt something like a tiny roll of papyrus thrust up his sleeve; but he guarded it carefully and curbed his curiosity until he was back at his own chamber that night. Then with all precaution he read this note, written in Atossa's own hand, in their native Persian :

"Atossa to the great prince Darius. Many things hid to the world without are revealed in the king's harem. Do not seek to know how I learn this thing, but wait Ahura's good time. Beware of the royal hunt on the morrow. Of all things beware of the king's tame lions. For you they may not be tame. Return to Susa when you may, and forget my name, as I pray Ahura I may forget yours. Masistes's craft will bring you this. Farewell."

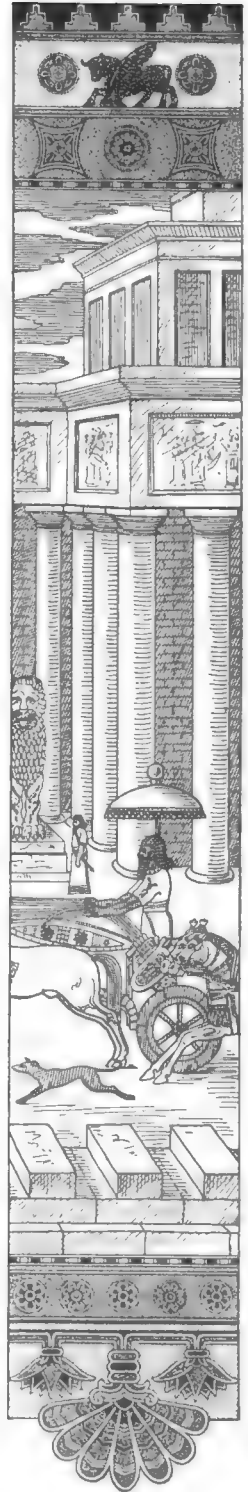
For some reason, manifestly, Belshazzar found his presence in Babylon undesirable. Should he humor that desire by scarce disguised flight? The prince was a proud man—proud of his race, his king, his own prowess. The battle-spirit was rising in him. Was he not "King of the Bow"? Should he desert Atossa and leave her without one friend in all Babylon, saving the eunuch Masistes? The prince loved to dare first, and count the cost thereof afterwards. And that night he vowed afresh, "I will brave all danger. With Ahura's help I will not turn back the width of one hair before the guile of these 'lovers of the lie.'"

Long before dawn, Idina-aha, master of the hounds, had emptied his kennels of the fifty black mastiffs who were to accompany the royal hunt; and at gray dawn itself Darius met Belshazzar in the palace court. A score of game beaters were mounted; and what with the dog boys, guardsmen, and eunuchs, the chariots, the led horses, and the long mule train with the baggage, Belshazzar drove forth with no little army. The monarch had appeared in the best of spirits: had looked Darius fairly in the eye when he told the Persian that they intended to hunt the aurochs—the wild bull—whom no dog could face; and that on this account he had with him his pride—his three hunting lions, to whom even the wild bull could have no terrors. When Darius saw the brutes, huge

as the beast that he had slain so memorably, he had indeed marvelled, though not after the manner Belshazzar imagined; and the king laughingly vowed to him that if the Persian should be so fortunate as to slay an aurochs he should have his choice of which of the lions he should take back to Susa, excepting always Nergal, the royal favorite, whom his master could not spare.

So they set forth, Belshazzar with seemingly one end in the world—to make his fellow-huntsman merry. They passed the great Western Gate, and sped through the pleasant suburbs, past luxuriant gardens, prosperous farmhouses, and canals fringed with long arbors of trees.

But at last the farms were falling wider apart. The canals were dwindling. The land where untilled was brilliant with spring flowers, and the wind crossing the plain came to the travellers sweet with all the fragrance of the unscorched verdure. The company kept on until, beside the last of the canals, the king cried, "Halt!" and the weary footmen were glad to drop by the roadside. Then the



panniers on the carrier mules were unloaded, wine was passed about, and food. The noon hours were spent in rest and chatter.

When Belshazzar had remounted the chariot, and the whole company were away as before, and had passed over a certain hillock, Darius wondered as he saw a sweep of woodland, stretching north and south far as the eye might reach, the whole enclosed by a brick rampart too high for the bound of the hardiest lion. Merely to enclose so huge an area was a task nigh equal to building the tower of Bel. At a ponderous gate they found a company of soldiers who opened and saluted. Instantly the forest closed round them. It was like traversing one furlong, yet in that journey entering another world. The paths were scarcely trodden. The cypresses and cedars bowed in canopy overhead, and with them rarer trees, native doubtless of India or Ethiopia. There were acacias beside the streams, and tamarisk thickets.

"And how old is this strange forest?" demanded the Persian of his Babylonish charioteer, at which the fellow answered:

"Esarhaddon drained and fenced it more than a hundred and twenty years ago. Since then it grows wild. Except for the guards and gamekeepers no man enters the preserve on peril of his head, unless the roving lions get before the executioner."

So they fared onward till, in a clearing, they came to the huts of two old foresters, who reported that they had just discovered an aurochs of most marvellous size.

"Marduk grant," ran their tales, "that the beast should be a monster terrible as the 'divine bull Alu' slain by the hero Gilgamesh. To-night he is deep in the jungle; but if the gods favor, his Majesty shall find him in the morning."

Thus the camp was pitched for the night. Busy hands brought bales of linen and tent poles from the pack train. The royal tent—a huge ten-sided structure—was soon ready, and within was arranged a complete set of portable furniture. Scarce smaller was the pavilion set for Darius, who had brought his own Persian servants with him. Around them the tents for men and horses spread like a little village. At night the king set abundant cheer before his guest, but there was no deep drinking, for sober heads were needed in the morning. Darius bade Boges discover how the tame lions were kept, and the good fellow reported

that they were safely chained and guarded in a distant tent. The prince contrived that no Babylonian should sleep inside his own pavilion. He kept his naked sword beside him, but nothing disturbed till he woke in the morning.

The foresters had been out very early. They had tracked the aurochs, but he had distanced them and hidden in the jungle. Already half of the huntsmen had set forth to make circuit, rout the monster from his lair, and drive him nearer the encampment. After the king had poured libations to Marduk and Istar he mounted horseback and thundered away, the prince and the remaining huntsmen flying behind him.

"And where are the tamed lions?" demanded Darius of a Babylonian at his side.

"They were taken away before dawn to aid in baying the aurochs. Hark! By Nabu, they have found him!"

Through the mazes of the wood reëchoed something deep as thunder, very far off.

"Ha!" Belshazzar was crying, "the ox bellows. They drive him from his covert."

"Will they force him this way?" was Darius's question.

"So Bel grant! But you will need no bow, son of Hystaspes," for the Persian was putting on a new string. "The aurochs's hide is arrow proof. Trust to your sword."

"I do not love the sword. It is the bow that has made us Persians a great people."

"I have warned you. You will slay no aurochs and win no lion."

The prince answered with silence. Riding side by side with Belshazzar, he had not suffered a word or an act of the king to escape him; but he had not noted how their escort in the rear had gradually dwindled, two falling off here and three there.

"This is the spot. Let us rein and wait the aurochs," declared Belshazzar. Darius glanced about, barely in time to see the last of the retinue vanishing behind the trees. He realized, suddenly as a trap locks round its victim, that he was alone with Belshazzar—not one tell-tale present. He had bidden Boges to keep near him. Gone!—diverted by what means Ahura alone knew. The prince had many times looked "the Lord of Death" in the face upon the battle-field; but for all that, his breath came quickly. Here at last was the moment that should prove whether Atossa warned truly; whether the king suspected who it was that had

wrestled with him in the garden. Had the letter Ariathes had sent out from Babylon—following his lord's hint—by hand of an obscure Jewish caravan merchant passed through Belshazzar's spies in safety? The Persian needed none to tell him the plot to take his life. In some way in the next few moments he was to be murdered. His rashness as a hunter was known in Susa. What could Cyrus say if the Babylonian wrote, "Your envoy was reckless and an aurochs killed him"? But Darius's thoughts were not of himself only—the weal of Daniel, of Atossa, of Cyrus and all his realms, hung on his own life, perchance. Oh, the headstrong pride that had rushed him into this hazard!

But these thoughts came and went in less time than the telling. Belshazzar was beside him—splendid, arrogant—and Darius knew the king's heart was harder than marble, while he waited the outcome of his guile. The Persian had his bow in hand, and his bow was his good friend, part of himself as much as hand or eye. He would not be slain like a snared hare while there were so many shafts in his quiver. The silence grew long. Belshazzar, as if intent on waiting the chase, said nothing. The prince sat and waited.

Presently the aurochs lowed again, nearer this time: they could hear the shouts of men and the baying of the mastiffs. The scene was no strange one to Darius, but when before had he himself been one of the hunted? A thought flashed across him—to point his arrow at Belshazzar, bid the king swear to send him home scatheless, or take the shaft in his breast. But that were madness. Belshazzar had sworn once and cast his oath to the winds: would he remember it now, if wrung from him by force?

A new thunder startled Darius from his despair. The bolt had not fallen. Ahura grant it should not until he had taught these Babylonian "fiend-worshippers" somewhat! He turned to Belshazzar.

"Why do we wait here? Is not the hunt leaving us?"

"What do you fear?" was the reply, with a smile none too reassuring; "the sport is for us alone. The rest will bring the game to us. Fie on you, Persian, if you fear to be overmatched!"

"Not overmatched by ten aurochs!" cried the Persian. "But will not the chase pass some other way?"

"The game *I seek*," flew the answer, "will pass nowhere else."

Darius's fingers itched to send one arrow through that royal mantle then, and let all Babylon do its worst. Suddenly it dawned on him that if he were tensely strung the king was likewise. While he ever questioned, "How will the bolt fall?" Belshazzar's one thought was, "How much does the envoy suspect?" They each would have given a hundred talents for one peep into the heart of the other. The thought appeared so comical to the prince that, to Belshazzar's wonderment, he began to laugh, and that laugh strengthened him like a draught of new wine.

"Crash!" A vast lumbering object was dashing through the trees. They heard thickets shivering; birds flew screaming. The noise neared rapidly. Again the thunderous bellow—close now, and deep. The ground shook, and an answering quiver ran through the Persian. Peril or no peril, he had never before faced an aurochs, and his hunter's instinct was strong within him.

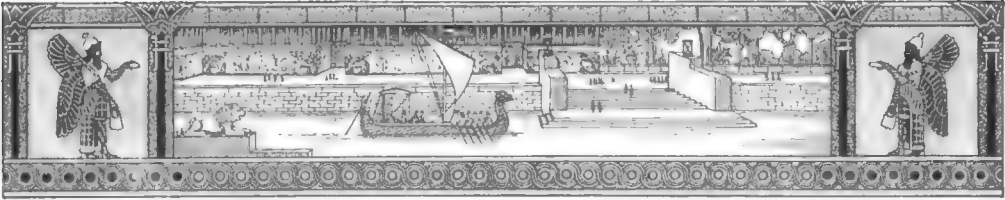
Belshazzar's horse pricked his ears, snorted, and began to plunge. The king barely controlled him. The Persian's beast started to do likewise, but felt the touch and press of an iron hand and iron knees so powerful that the spirit was crushed out of him. Not so with Belshazzar.

"Marduk blast me," rang his curse, "if I do not flay Rabbit for giving me this beast!" But the horse only plunged more wildly.

One last thunder! Darius saw the saplings bowing; the leaves shook down as a falling cloud; out from the trees shot a beast—a bull, but a bull of monster size—his horns the span of a bow, his hide mud-brown; out of his mouth, and with the lolling tongue, one almost saw the live flames breathing, with more flame in the balls of his eyes. To see this took one instant. The aurochs crashed on until face to face with the two riders, then halted in his shambling run not twenty paces from them, dropped horns, and lashed his flanks with his tail.

The Persian's arrow lay on the bow-string, but he did not shoot. As if by a new sense, he knew that there was something stirring, creeping in the thicket behind him. Did his ears fail when they bore a human whisper, low, but distinct—a whisper as of a man urging on his hound—"Now!"

Darius did not turn his head. His horse,



subdued by his master touch, stood stock still, while the bull glared at them. But Belshazzar was in deadly straits. Try as he might, his beast would not stand steady, and, with the horse plunging underneath him, what chance to strike the bull with the short sword?

"Shoot!" the king cried between his teeth; "shoot!"

Darius's hand drew the arrow to its head. The aurochs shook his horns, belowered for the last time, and looked from Darius to Belshazzar, from Belshazzar to Darius. Which should feel his charge? The bull fixed his eyes on the king.

"Shoot!" cried Belshazzar again. As if in echo came a voice out of the thicket, "Back, Nergal! Woe! The king! Do not leap! Too late! Woe!"

And Darius swung himself into the saddle just in time to see the tawny body of Nergal, the royal lion, launching itself—not on the aurochs, but on him. The arrow flew to meet the lion. It was Ahura the Great who shed on Darius the power that sent the startled charger, by a mighty press of the knee, with a wide bound to one side. The lion leaped. His flying claws tore the leather on the Persian's sleeve. A mighty snarl; the beast dashed upon the turf. The saving of Ruth had been no shot like this. The deed was done too swiftly for thought or fear, while all around the woods were ringing with a fiercer conflict. The aurochs had sought his prey the moment Nergal had leaped on him. The king had striven to master his steed, but vainly. The monster caught the horse under his horns and tossed mount and rider. Halting in full charge, he shook his mighty head and looked about. The horse was disembowelled—dying. The king, cast upon the greensward, was struggling to rise. He had lost his sword. The aurochs lowered his head again. Still a foe? He would trample it out instantly!

"Help, in Marduk's name, help!" the king was calling.

Out from the thicket whence sprang the

lion sped Idina, master of the hounds, and leaped beside Belshazzar. A brave deed, but foolish. In his hand was only his whip.

"Help! The king is in peril!" was his shout to the distant beaters. But Belshazzar might have fared to the "World-Mountain" that day had it not been for another. Right at the raging bull rode the Persian, and a second shaft flew, not at the arrow-proof hide, but into one flaming eye. The loudest bellow of all shook the forest when the monster charged Darius. All the Persian's skill could not save his horse. One horn hooked in the belly—the scream of a dying charger, that was all. But Darius was on foot before the bull could turn from his triumph. His short sword was in his hand. He met the charge of the bull on the side where the shaft had blinded. Belshazzar saw him shun the sweep of the horns, and the onrush of the bull drove the steel clean to the hilt in the shoulder. Another snort, a bellow that made the high boughs quiver, and the aurochs tore away. They heard him dash down the trees in his charge; then there was a crashing fall, and silence.

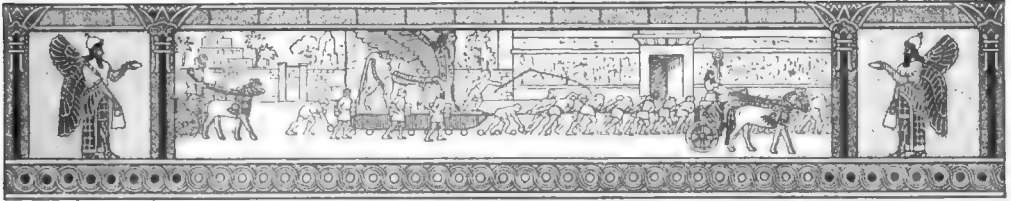
Darius stood staring about and leaning on his bow. Nergal, pierced to the heart, lay twitching, though life was fled. The horses were struggling in last agony. Belshazzar was trying to stagger to his feet. How long it seemed since the bull burst upon them!

King and envoy looked upon each other. Darius saw Belshazzar strive twice to speak, but the words thickened in his throat. Then the king's eye lit on Idina, and the royal wrath blew out on him:

"Verily, as I am lord of Babylon, you shall be impaled! Why not rescue sooner?"

"Lord," replied the other, losing his wits, "it was as you ordered. When the prince confronted the bull, I was to unleash Nergal——"

The words were fire on straw. The king had forgotten all else in the face of his danger:



"Nergal? By the Maskim, what is lying there on the ground? A lion?"

"Yes, your Majesty," said Darius very coldly. "When Idina unleashed him, while they stood behind me in the thicket, he forgot the aurochs for me. His claws have torn my dress. I prefer the aurochs, my king. *He* at least charges fairly and face to face."

The king did not risk himself to reply to Darius, but turning to Idina declared icily: "Fellow, I swear by every god you shall be beaten to death." Then to Darius, in a tone equally icy, "Persian, you have saved my life. Ask what reward you will."

"I ask nothing," replied the other, haughtily, "nothing but this—to meet no more of the king's tamed lions."

Before Belshazzar could answer, the foresters and beaters were all around them. The king's ankle was hurt, not dangerously, but he could enjoy no more hunting. They took him back to the camp, where a messenger had just arrived from Babylon, with important letters to the king from Avil-Marduk. That afternoon Idina was flogged to death, according to royal command, and all the rest returned to the city.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROCESSION OF BEL.

UPON Ai-bur-shabou Street, not far from the Northern Gate, called the Gate of Ilu, stood the barber shop of Mulis-Assur. A shop, we say, though in truth it was only a booth, thrust in betwixt houses, and its sole furnishings were two low stools, a reed carpet, a chest for the razors and silvered mirrors, and a brass brazier, over which at this moment curling irons were heating above the charcoal. Mulis-Assur was neither the first nor the last of his kind whose principal staple of sale was gossip. At this moment, as the worthy man stood patting the lump of melted butter upon the black

locks of Gabarruru, the corn merchant, who occupied one stool, his head was turned to reply to Itti-Marduk, the banker, who was lolling on the other. It was a great festival day—the day of the procession of Bel, and for once the broker had forgotten his jars of account-books.

"Well," Mulis was declaring, while he lifted the irons, "I am the last to chatter treason, but may the gods ward off from his Majesty the consequences of listening to that frog Gudea's croakings, and casting the civil minister into prison! Not one man can say a fair word for the deed."

"The king acted under Avil's advice," responded the merchant cautiously. "Never would Daniel have lived after the charges were made and proved, except for the fact that Tavat-Hasina, the queen-mother, interfered, declaring she would not have the honored servant of Nebuchadnezzar, her father, die on the charge of a wizard and a few witnesses, perhaps suborned."

"The queen-mother saved the Jew for the moment, but I think his neck will last through to-day, and no longer. You know the custom. When the ship of Bel reaches the ziggurat, the chief priest may demand of the king one boon, and the king cannot refuse it. You may imagine what."

"The life of Daniel?"

"Nothing else, by Marduk! But there is likely to be another part to the tale. Imbi-Ilu, the chief priest of Nabu, is Daniel's good friend. Mark my words, the priests of Nabu and of Samas and Nergal hate Avil and his designs to make all their temples subordinate to his own more than they do the harmless Jehovah worship of the minister. I look for a spark on the firewood in Babylon, this very day."

"Ramman protect us!" muttered the banker uneasily. "I have put down fresh loans only last night. I shall lose all."

"Yes," continued Mulis, who was happiest when peddling bad news that did not touch himself, "we must prepare for grievous times. Now that the king has clapped

the Persian envoy in durance, I think we may see a war the like of which was not since the brave days of Nebuchadnezzar. Ea, the God of Wisdom, alone knows what it was that befell during the royal hunt. Forth goes his Majesty and Darius, boon companions as Gilgamesh and Eabani; they come back eyeing each other like two cocks in the farmer's yard. The next thing we hear, the Persian is a state prisoner. Woe, what wretched times!"

Into the shop came Hasba, a tall priest of Nabu, his costume threadbare, and his eyes glittering as if with excitement.

"Well, Hasba," cried Mulis, pausing in his curling for the twentieth time, "you are in a strange robe for a festival day. Is Nabu so poor a god he can give his priests nothing better?"

"Nabu is very poor and hungry—to-day," responded Hasba, with a significant cough.

"But not yesterday or to-morrow?" pressed Mulis, pricking his ears.

"Quietly!" Hasba's voice sank very low. "You are all good friends, and will leak nothing. See!" He showed a short sword girded under his mantle.

"Istar help us!" cried the broker. "What will happen?"

"Patience, worthy Itti. Avil is likely to learn strange things before nightfall. We have sworn loyalty to Belshazzar, but not to Avil. His Majesty loves the priest of Bel too well. Why is Daniel in the palace prison? Not because he 'kills by sorcery,' nor because he is a Jew. He stands betwixt Avil and his design to make Belshazzar his tool, to make all the priest-hoods of Babylon slaves of Bel-Marduk. Imbi-Ilu is not a man to see the deed done in silence. To-day we of Nabu appear in tattered mantles that all may see how the king is starving us. And as for Avil, if he seeks Daniel's life, let him beware!"

"Ramman protect us!" muttered Itti again. "When was ever such strife?"

"A strange case that of Daniel's," commented Mulis. "I hear that the king was desirous of laying hands on his would-be son-in-law Isaiah, who was so loud in denouncing the gods, and more than desirous of getting the minister's daughter for his own harem. Yet both have escaped him."

"Vanished utterly," replied the priest, gathering his robe, to guard against an unfriendly eye. "Isaiah is a man of great resources; he knows the city as a bird the

way to its nest. All the Jews reverence him, and will protect him if they can. His father, Hananiah, otherwise called Shadrach, was a man of influence nigh equal to Daniel's, and the son has inherited his abilities. Some say he has the spirit of prophecy, and delivers oracles from his Jewish god."

"You do not greatly hate this Jehovah?" said Mulis shrewdly.

"He is a harmless demon. We of Nabu only know this, that we have no hate to squander on any, saving Avil-Marduk."

"Be that as it may," was Mulis's answer, "Isaiah and the maid have been in marvellously safe hiding. The king threatens Mermaza's head if she is not found."

"Then may the chief eunuch's pate topple off quickly!" swore Hasba. "Next to Avil we love him the least."

Hasba left them, and just as Gabarruru was about to quit the barber's shop the sudden rush of people to the street from the adjoining alleys, and the din of distant horns and drums, told that the long-awaited procession was at hand. The clangor of cymbals grew louder continually. The street was becoming one sea of heads. By standing on the little raised platform of the shop, it was possible to gain a view up the avenue where they could see standards tossing and the shimmer of steel.

"Way! way!" rang the familiar cry at length, and a squad of scarlet-robed wand-bearers began forcing the people backward toward the house walls. After this corps streamed the priestesses of Istar, tall, comely women, their heads and necks wreathed with flowers, their dresses of tinted Egyptian gauze floating around them in bright clouds, the transparent web falling in folds none the most prudish. The older priestesses walked in well-drilled files, bearing gay banners, and keeping up an incessant clatter upon their tambourines; but their younger sisters would break ranks, time and again, and whirl in voluptuous dances, joining hands, shaking out their black locks, tearing off their coronals to cast amid the crowd, or even, when they saw a handsome youth, would pluck him from the multitude by force, and whirl him with them, then at a change in the music released their captives, and marched demurely until the spirits moved them to new madness.

So the "Maids of the Grove," to the number of many hundreds, passed. But

when the soldiers of the palace guard followed, each in his brightest mantle and helmet, Mulis whispered in the banker's ear:

"A costly blunder, unless there is no fire under much smoke. Look at the guard!"

"What is amiss?" demanded Itti.

"The troops have neither shields nor spears; only their parade arms, sword, and helmet. His Majesty may rue this blunder."

"Ramman protect us!" implored Itti yet another time. But now fifty squeaking pipers headed the files of the priests of Samas, a notable array of white robes, and nodding banners. After them marched their brethren of Sin, the moon-god; then those of Nergal from Kisch; then the priestesses of Nana.

Suddenly a shout began running down the street before the next contingent.

"Hail, Nabu! Hail, son of Marduk! Hail, Imbi-Ilu, holy priest of the god!"

"Nabu is the son of Marduk," commented Gabarruru dryly. "He bears dutiful love for his parent, truly!"

"Do not blaspheme him," implored the broker; "he is a great god. The son has the place of honor in the father's procession. Pity the two must quarrel."

"Bow down! The knee! The knee!" rang the shout, and the multitude (all that had room) knelt, while from a distance sounded a rumbling as of clumsy wheels. Soon there lumbered into view an enormous wain, dragged by long cables like those for a stone bull, but no sullen labor gang was tugging now. Many leaped from their knees and contended with the priests who were toiling at the ropes for the honor of drawing the god. Upon the wain rode Nabu's "Ship of the Deep," a goodly-sized galley, with a towering mast. Upon her decks swarmed a score of priests in lieu of crew, and perched upon the stern was the idol of the god, a block of black stone, human size, but with features of such ugliness that the very fiends beholding might well have trembled. Yet at sight of that image each bowed his head, for it had been the guardian genius of Babylon and Borsippa for many a generation.

Yet a great wail of wrath seemed rising from the people. "Nabu's priests are threadbare! Where are their robes of honor? Where are the jewels once on the gunwales of the ship? Where are the golden dresses of the image?" The three in the barber's shop rubbed their eyes. In

the crowd they saw Hasba and others, doubtless fellow-priests, bustling about, whispering in the ear of this burgher and of that.

Imbi-Ilu, second pontiff of the realm, the friend of Daniel and the arch-foe of Avil, stood handsome and erect beside the image of his god, but wore no tiara, and his robe was sombre.

"Marduk is robbing Nabu!" some bold spirit in the crowd was shouting. "The priests of Nabu starve! Down with Avil!"

But the servants of the Borsippa god marched on in silence, each man smiling grimly when he saw how their pitiful display was working on the crowd. And there were other cries at times:

"Release Daniel! Release the good minister! Release! Down with Avil!"

"Evil times!" muttered Itti. "Under Nabonidus the processions were suspended, now they become occasion for tumult."

"Well," protested the cheerful barber, "here comes his Majesty and the car of Bel-Marduk. We shall soon see now."

More musicians and guards. A second boat creaked past on many wheels. High above the noise of the crowd sounded the hymn chanted by the choir of priests and priestesses in praise of Bel-Marduk.

After this choir moved the car, and, unlike Nabu's, it was a blaze of color. The sail and pennons were covered with the rarest embroideries, the gunwale glittered with precious stones. The idol on the stern wore a robe that was one sheen of golden lace. But Belshazzar the king, who sat under his umbrella upon the prow, scowled at Avil, who stood beside him.

"The people give thrice as many cheers for Nabu as for Bel. The gods reward me if I do not reward Imbi-Ilu! To appear with his priests in tatters, and his car all stripped of decoration, at the moment when the procession was about to start! He knew well I would never have suffered his company to march, had it not meant a riot to leave behind the car of Nabu."

Avil deliberately cast his eyes down over the swelling crowd.

"The more reason for striking Daniel. His fate will be a mighty warning to Imbi."

"Once you advised me to move gently with him, yet you are bold now."

"True; but I have set my feet on the path, and see no danger to-day."

"Release Daniel! Release! Release!"

broke in the bolder spirits in the crowd, as if to give the lie to the hardy pontiff.

Avil spat at them in contempt. "Stingless drones!" commented he. "They will forget the Jew by another Sabbath." *

"I am led in all things by you," replied Belshazzar, in a tone that showed he nigh felt himself overpersuaded. Avil only salaamed, and turned to pay his respects to the Princess Atossa, whose chair was upon the prow, beside that of her royal lord.

"My princess sees a sight that must be rare in her Persia," began he blandly. "If my information does not fail, the worship of the Persian Ahura does not demand such elaborate processions as these."

From under her veil Atossa shot through him a glance such as can dart only from the eyes of a great king's daughter.

"Assuredly, worthy priest," and Avil winced before her disdainful patronage, "it is true our prophet Zarathushtra† enjoins no processions where the populace heap revilings on the chief of our Magi.

"Down with Avil! Release Daniel! Nabu is outraged!" buzzed from the crowd.

"Ah, my princess," said Avil, smiling, "the king is over-kindly disposed. Could I persuade him, these seditious fellows would soon shout otherwise."

"His Majesty is too kindly disposed?" replied she, removing her veil that Avil might see the unconcealed sneer on her lips.

"His heart is a mountain of compassion," asserted the priest, though he felt he was becoming sport for her.

"Avil conspires against Nabu! Rescue for the good minister! Release Daniel!"

To reënforce the shouts, a brick dashed against the car.

Belshazzar was beckoning to the priest, and he turned away, whereupon Atossa addressed Mermaza, the eunuch, wearily:

"Is it far now to the temple of Marduk?"

"Not far; is my mistress so tired? They tell me she did not sleep. The king's Egyptian doctor must prepare a night-draught."

"Alas! that can profit little when I consider that Prince Darius's life is in danger while he is a prisoner."

"Danger? Oh, you harbor empty fears! Did the king permit, I could tell you why grave reasons of state make it well for the

envoy to keep to his own suite in the palace. His life is safer than the gems in the king's treasure chamber."

"I pray it may be so," came the gloomy answer, and Atossa deliberately turned her back on her tormentor.

She had not seen Darius since the night of the feast in the gardens. How the report of the plot against his life came to her ears, and how she was able to warn him, this is no place to tell; but she had long since caught enough of fact and rumor to know that she was one of many victims in a vast web of guile and villainy, in which the least were the wretched Jews of the labor gang. The greatest, if Avil had his way, would be Cyrus, her father. The princess had long ceased hoping, even against hope. She was a slave, a chattel, though they called her "Lady of Babylon." She must live her life from day to day, and try to learn to forget the past. Yet at that moment she had one deep desire—to see that Babylonian mob rise and take vengeance on Avil-Marduk and his grim master: the howls of the multitude sounded sweeter in her ears than all the harping.

The great ziggurat at last! There had been howls, ever increasing, from the multitude. Once the soldiers had charged to clear the way for Bel's car, but there had been no bloodshed. The royal party breathed easier. Before them was rising "*E-Sagila*," "The Lofty House," queen of the temple towers of Babylon. The seven terraces of the cone were decked with flowers and banners; the parapets of the different stages were swarming with the people; flowers were festooned over every pinnacle. There it rose against the azure, a mountain of brick, its lowest terrace painted white, the second black, the third purple, the fourth blue, the fifth vermilion, the sixth plated with silver, the seventh—the day beacon first hailed by the Persians—was glittering with gold. The bull-guarded gates had opened for the ship of Marduk. Inside the vast courtyard at the foot of the tower had arrayed themselves the priests and soldiery that had preceded the car of the god. All but those from Borsippa stood on the left of the gateway; but the servants of Nabu, with their ship, were arrayed silent and sombre on the right. Imbi-Ilu's company thus kept an ominous peace, but there was no lack of cheering for Bel-Marduk now. Even the

* The Babylonians observed a seventh day as sacred, much after the Jewish fashion. It was also called "The Sabbath."

† Often, though incorrectly, "Zoroaster."

disaffected multitude grew hushed and quiet when it passed within the sacred gates.

Loudly rose the well-drilled acclamations from the temple servants perched upon the heights of the terraces above.

"Hail, Marduk! Hail, Dragon-smiter! Hail, Belshazzar, beloved of the gods! Hail, Avil, servant of the Guardian of Babylon!" Then as the ship of Bel-Marduk reached the foot of the great stairway leading to the first stage of the tower, the corps of priests marching before the god suddenly raised a shout not heard before that day:

"Death to the Jew! Death to Daniel the murderer! Death! Death!"

Instantly the crowds of Avil's underlings upon the tower caught up the cry. But though the noise swelled to a deafening clamor, and all the soldiers joined, Atossa heard no priest of Samas or Sin or Nergal open his lips. They were silent, like their fellows from Borsippa. And the multitude that had trailed into the gate were silent also. Yet from Avil's supporters and the throng of courtiers about the king the outcry continually increased. Belshazzar, she divined, must be able to say he sacrificed Daniel to quell the general clamor.

Atossa saw men with speaking trumpets at advantageous points to roar across the sea of heads and swell the uproar.

"Death to Daniel! Death to the Jew!"

The heads of the sacred colleges of the temple, the chief "libation-pourer," the chief "demon-restrainer," and their peers, had come to lift the idol from the car and bear it to the summit of the ziggurat, the king had descended from the ship to follow them. Their feet were on the first stair, when across their path stood Avil-Marduk, in his hand the long white staff of office, and obedient to his gesture the shouters were silent instantly.

"Hearken, O Belshazzar, lord of Babylon and Akkad. On the day of the great feast, when the image of Bel is borne to the crest of the Lofty House, is it not the right of the god—a right, and not a boon—to demand of the king one thing whatsoever the god, even Bel-Marduk, may desire?"

It was so still that the thousands could hear Belshazzar's answer:

"It is so, O Avil, mouthpiece of 'the Lord of the Lofty House.'"

"Therefore I, O Belshazzar, do demand the life of that enemy of the god, that guilty murderer, that blasphemer——"

But the high priest said no more. Every eye had turned, his own also. Directly above him, at the head of the steps to the first terrace, had stepped forth a young man, who beckoned to the people. And a hundred whispered to their neighbors:

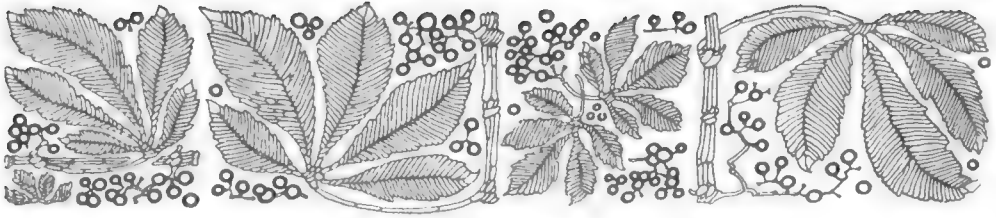
"Isaiah! Isaiah the Jew, the prophet of his god Jehovah!"

(To be continued.)

EPITAPH.

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO.

THIS man was one of the old fighting-fellows,
Whose soul did choose to follow the Great Captain,
And, following, has gone out into darkness.
What has he won but darkness? Ask the Captain:
You'll find the Captain out there in the darkness.



THE TEMERITY OF THEODORE.

"TILL to-morrow," I called to Beulah, as the train pulled out of the station; she waved her handkerchief to me and—when a man is engaged, what does it matter if people stare?—as the train puffed off I threw frantic kisses to her. Then, noticing with contempt the curious glances of the various loiterers at the railway station, I hurried back to my office.

The fact is, I had a little scheme of my own. I would finish all my work that afternoon and take the 5.18 train to Lakewood, and so have an extra evening with Beulah. An engaged man is magnificent as a strategist. As I hurried along musing about the week we were to have together—the golf, the rides, the multitudinous unimportant yet fascinating occupations of engaged and foolish persons—I determined that nothing should hold me back.

When I arrived at the office, I found my brother Theodore waiting for me. There were some family difficulties—a matter only I could attend to; he had come all the way from college, and it was imperative that I go to Boston at once. I fumed for a while, but it was no use. I saw that I had to go—even an engaged man has engagements. Still, I figured that I could get to Lakewood by Wednesday evening; and that would leave half a week. But think of Beulah with only her mother and her aunt. Ah! there was Theodore.

Theodore is a nice boy. He is nineteen and is a sophomore at Amherst—we are an Amherst family; every Amherst man has heard of my father—Tompkins, '69. I am a '95 man. Theodore is a great satisfaction to me. I've had a great deal to do with his bringing up. It was I who decided what school he was to go to; it was I who insisted he should not waste his time taking piano lessons (though the lad has undeniable talent), but steered him straight to the tinkling mandolin, which is so good an accompaniment to a hammock. But aside from all this, there is another reason why he is a great source of comfort to me; for when I ask people whether I do not look like Teddy, they quite often admit a certain resemblance; and

Teddy is unquestionably a devilish well set up sort of lad.

It was, I think, a good idea to send Teddy; for he could entertain Beulah; and, besides, I wanted my people to know her. But as I consider the matter now, I must confess—though in the end no harm was done—that it

was perhaps a mistake in me not to mention the engagement.

"Ted," said I, "I was intending to run down to Lakewood for a couple of days; if you'd like to act as my substitute, I think you'll pass the time pleasantly."

Of course he would do anything to oblige his brother—Theodore is the soul of amiability—but who was the particular girl? For there is always some particular girl, he said.

"There is no particular girl," I replied; "but here's a note to Miss Hastings, who, I believe, happens to be at Lakewood."

"What! Beulah?" exclaimed Ted.

"That is her Christian name, I am informed," said I.

"They say she's a peach," said Ted (I am greatly averse to slang, but he insists on using it). "I'll do my best as your substitute, Jack. I've heard a lot about her. In fact, I've a great curiosity to meet her."

"You needn't do too well," I answered somewhat gruffly.

"It will only be as a substitute," said he conciliatingly.

"You'd better remember that, youngster."

"But," ventured Ted, "isn't she rather—rather—"

"Nothing of the sort," I snapped.

"Lively?" Ted concluded.

"Beulah is one of my best friends, Teddy," said I; "and the finest girl in the world."

"Come now, old man, you always say that. Do you remember Daisy—Daisy Martin?" And the boy poked me unfeelingly in the ribs. Unfortunately, I did remember Daisy.

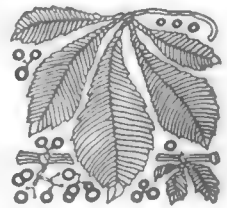
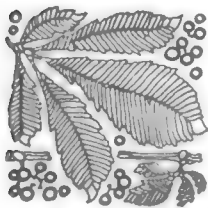
"Seriously, Theodore," said I, "I want you to go down there and behave; take her mother driving; play anagrams with her aunt;" Teddy groaned; "and look out for Beulah."

When he had gone I felt some misgivings. Perhaps I ought to have told him. But somehow a man loses his nerve when he wants to tell his family that he has become engaged to the loveliest girl in all the world.

So Teddy went to Lakewood, and I went to Boston.

II.

MONDAY evening I received a letter from Beulah.



There was a good deal about Teddy, and all in the same strain.

I replied that I should, in all probability, be with her by Thursday noon; and that she had better not say anything about our engagement just yet. I reassured her about Teddy, and told her he always behaved so to a pretty girl, so she, of all girls, must expect it; and that it was no harm.

Wednesday morning I received another communication from Beulah. It was considerably shorter. It was, in fact, a telegram. These were its contents: "Ted proposed. Please come at once." The words "at once" were underlined. It is the only time I ever knew a telegraph office to do that. But no doubt Beulah had asked the operator at Lakewood. Beulah has a way with her. Much amused (for Ted had certainly not loitered), I sent a telegram to say I was coming, and, having finished my business at noon, returned to my hotel. Another telegram awaited me. 'Twas from Ted. "Proposed to Beulah. Sure she will accept me. Wish me luck, Jack. You are right; she is the finest that walks." Ted certainly did not try to get his message down to ten words.

III.

WHEN I arrived at the hotel, the clerk told me that Ted and Beulah had gone to the links. I met them at the fifteenth tee. Teddy was earnestly imploring Beulah to get her left shoulder into the drive. His two hands were on her shoulders.

"Hello!" said I.

"Just a minute, Jack," said Ted; "Beulah's just getting the idea."

I stepped toward Beulah. She saw my intention—there are conventions which an engaged man ought to follow—and she gave a little nod or shrug. Call it what you will, I saw that she didn't want me to kiss her, so I refrained. Instead, I played out the last four holes with Jack, using Beulah's clubs, at that. Nobody said anything about the telegrams. When we were seated on the piazza of the club-house (there was nobody else about):

"Well, Ted," said I, "am I to congratulate you?"

Ted looked at Beulah.

"It all depends on you, Jack," he replied. "Beulah says she will do whatever you decide."

"I have put my heart wholly in your hands, Jack," said Beulah to me, with a twinkle of her eyes.

"Beulah is a year—let me see—a year and a half older than you, Theodore; have you considered that?" I replied gravely. "It will make a great difference when you are thirty-five. I had, in fact, been thinking of somebody else for you, Ted—Dorothy Wilton. She's a charming girl—just nine years old—and, you see, when you are twenty-nine—"

"Give it up, Jack," Theodore hotly interrupted. "This is no joking matter. I love Beulah."

Beulah's eyes met mine, and it was hard not to smile.

Irrelevantly I fished about in my inside coat pocket, and after some time drew forth a lavender-tinted envelope.

"I have a letter for you, Ted," said I; "it's from Boston. Perhaps you recognize the writing—Helen gave it to me for you last night. Be careful, don't drop the forget-me-not."

Theodore took the letter, and flushed guiltily.

"What?" cried Beulah, putting her handkerchief over her eyes. "Theodore, you are deceiving me, you don't love me," and she shook with ill-suppressed sobs.

Theodore looked at her helplessly; then he turned toward me.

"Why couldn't you keep that letter for another time, you confounded ass?" said he.

"You deceived me," wailed Beulah.

Teddy placed his hand lovingly upon her head. "Dear, sweet Beulah," he began.

She jumped from the chair. Beulah is not a bad actress. "How dare you 'dear' me!" she exclaimed. I wondered whether Teddy would notice that her eyes were dry.

"Beulah," said he, "don't be jealous" (at that, for the life of me, I could not help bursting into laughter). "Helen is a mere child—only sixteen."

"Then," said Beulah, "let me see the letter," and had it in her hand before Ted knew what had happened.

"A mere child!" repeated Beulah. "Listen to this." And she read:

"My own Darling Ted:—How I have missed you, Ted dear, these last three days, though I got your dear, sweet letter this morning. I've begged mamma to bring me to Lakewood, and I think she will. I do hope to come to Lakewood. I send you a thousand kisses to return yours. I am so jealous of that girl Beulah you wrote to me about, though you always said before you didn't like blue eyes. So, darling—"

Beulah gave him a withering glance. "Here, take your letter," she exclaimed melodramatically; "and it is so you would break the hearts of two defenceless gyrls." And she fell back into her chair.

Ted could stand it no longer. He flung his golf bag over his shoulder and stalked off. Then—for there was no reason for further delay—I kissed Beulah.

"Don't you think that touch about the defenceless girls was lovely?" Beulah asked. "It will teach Teddy a lesson."

"I didn't suppose Theodore could be such an ass," I laughed.

"He's a dear boy," said Beulah; "and so much like you."

IV.

TEDDY came in late to dinner; and though Beulah greeted him with her very pleasantest smile and bravely hid her sorrow, and though I was in great form and kept the entire table laughing, and though Beulah's mamma sympathetically asked him what she could do for his headache, yes, and even though Aunt Maria slyly hinted at anagrams, Teddy remained silent and morose. I suppose it was his conscience pricking him. And well it might—the young heart-breaker.

And if that was his condition at dinner, how shall I describe him when fair Helen of the letter came tripping towards us at the breakfast table the next morning? Poor Ted! I was really sorry for him.

V.

It was one of those lovely mild October evenings when one can still sit out-doors. The breath of the Indian summer was fragrant and a light breeze stirred the pines. The stars shone brightly overhead. Beulah and I had been sitting together for a while. By and by we strolled out under the trees. A little way off we could hear the faint, sweet tinkle, tinkle, of a mandolin.

"It's Ted," said I; "let's be nasty and take a peep."

"It would really be mean," said Beulah; so we started in the direction of the mandolin. Suddenly the mandolin stopped playing. We took a few more steps. There lay Ted sprawling on the pine-needles;

his head was on Helen's lap; she was stroking his hair; he was looking up into her eyes.

"Isn't it darling!" whispered Beulah, and we tip-toed off.

VI.

"WE want to see you, Theodore, Beulah and I," I said solemnly.

Teddy looked at me doubtfully a moment, and followed me to the writing-room, where Beulah was sitting, her hands in her lap, and a serious, abstracted expression in her eyes.

I cleared my throat. "As you know, Theodore," I began formally, "Miss Hastings left the matter of the acceptance of your proposal with me. I have been considering the matter with the utmost care, and have indeed discussed it fully with her."

Teddy looked from one to the other.

"At first," I went on, "Miss Hastings stated to me that in view of your—your conduct—she would positively refuse you. But I have urged the sincerity, the depth, the steadfastness of your love"—Beulah's lips trembled—"and she has consented to forgive and forget what is past. That leaves the matter wholly for my decision. As I have considered it further, I have come to share your view that the slight disparity of years should not stand in the way of a deep and sincere love such as is undoubtedly yours, Theodore; and while I realize, Theodore—"

The expression of my brother's countenance was curious to behold.

"And while I fully realize that you are not quite ready to marry for many reasons, including, among others, the matter of your allowance of six hundred dollars a year, which, I think, perhaps slightly insufficient to properly support Miss Hastings and yourself, still"—and I waved my hand to brush such trifles aside—"still, having before me the qualities both of mind and of person of Miss Hastings, considering the sobering effect upon your character that the seriousness of her nature will have, considering"—I could not resist adding—"her deeply religious nature. Weighing all these things, my dear brother, I have come to the conclusion, provided Miss Hastings is still of the same mind (and of her feelings towards you I can have no doubt, else she had refused you at the very first), that such an alliance, especially in view of the deep feelings each entertain for the other, would from every point of view be—"

"Stop, Jack," cried Ted, "stop. You don't understand."

"Such an alliance would—" I continued impatiently.

"Don't you see, Jack? Don't you see it's all a mistake? In Heaven's name—"

Beulah's emotions mastered her. She walked to the window, and turned her back on us.

"What?" I shouted. "Does a Tompkins withdraw

such a proposal and to such a girl as Miss Hastings? See her there! Would you break her heart? Shame, Theodore," and I hid my face in my hands lest he might see me. "Shame," I repeated in a muffled voice.

Ted, mopping the drops of perspiration from his forehead, turned to Beulah. He caught her hand. "Miss Hastings," said he, "how can you forgive me? I have broken your poor heart; I see it all. How can you ever forgive me? Never again shall I trifle with a girl's affections. Believe me, I thought I loved you. But when Helen came—my Helen—I learned how things were. Oh, Beulah, look at me; say you will forgive me. So that some day you may forget and be happy once again." The self-conceit of the young jackanapes!

"Oh, Theodore," murmured Beulah.

"Say you will forgive me, please," Ted implored.

It had gone far enough, I suppose. What was the use of rubbing it in?

Beulah wheeled suddenly around.

"It's all right, dear boy, I do forgive you," and she laid her hand on his arm, "especially, dear boy, because—" and she flashed the engagement ring before his eyes.

"It's a fair lesson, Ted," said I; "you must never be too good a substitute."

Theodore looked wonderingly, first at Beulah, then at me. Then he looked at the ring. Then a wide grin gradually overspread his face.

"Oh, ho!" said he, "and it has just happened! I see."

"Two weeks ago yesterday, dear boy," I replied.

Teddy ran his hand through his hair a moment. From the expression of his face, it appeared that he was learning a great many things quite suddenly.

"Pshaw!" the rascal said after a minute, "I knew it all along."

"Of course you did," Beulah rejoined; "no doubt of it, and Oh! oh! Theodore, my broken heart!"

Theodore looked sheepish.

"And now, don't you think Helen is waiting for you?"

"You're all right, Jack," said Ted, gripping my hand, "and if it wasn't for Helen, I'd cut you out yet." Then he put his arm around Beulah's waist and kissed her full on the lips.

Just then Helen happened into the room. Her eyes popped open like saucers.

"It's all right, Helen," said I.

"My new sister," Ted explained.

"There! I knew it was coming," said Helen.

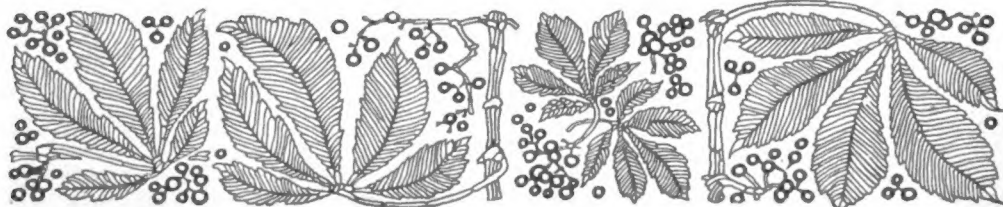
But as Ted's arm still lurked around Beulah's waist, I hastened to occupy myself as well.

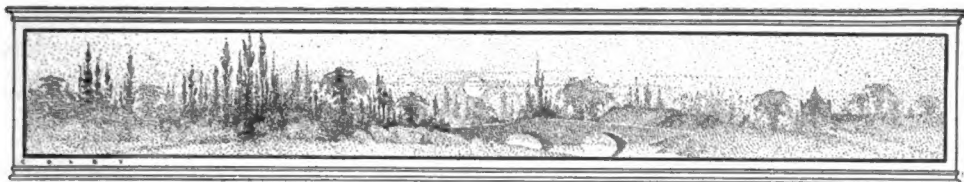
"Oh! oh!" was Helen's smothered exclamation.

"It's all right, Helen," I repeated; "we are all brothers and sisters."

"Kind of kith and kin," lisped Helen, which was assuredly rather pat for a girl who still wears her hair in a braid.

JOHN TOMPKINS.





HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for what they might make were they but shown how to go about it. Many practical ideas have been received in competition for a prize which has been offered. An announcement of a further prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements.

The Editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

SELECTING THE BEST PLANS.

THE task of deciding the best plans for money making is indeed a stupendous one. A great many considerations must enter into a just decision, and the editors hope that their careful thought and selection will merit the approval of all readers. Many of the suggestions sent in were duplicates, and many vary only in small details. One suggestion covering each subject will be accepted.

In awarding the prize of Fifty Dollars for the best "Idea," a plan which can be put into successful operation with practically no investment of capital, except strength, energy, and will to succeed, will be chosen, and consideration of its general usefulness throughout the country will be an essential point. Some good suggestions received apply only to certain parts of the country, and others only to certain portions of the year. While these may be good money-makers, it is the Idea which can be put into quite general practice that appeals to the editors as best. Announcement of the winner will be made in the March issue.

THE ACCEPTED IDEAS.

Lack of space in this issue prevents a complete list of names of those women whose suggestions have been accepted. Among those whose ideas are considered worthy of publication, are the following: Mrs. Jane M. Nelson, Mrs. William H. Martin, Florence Mark, Mrs. Robert J. Cory, Grace Hastings, Jessie Grooves, Leola Armstrong, Hilda Courthorpe, Miss Frank Benjamin, A. M. Carpenter, Florence M. Tremont, Mrs. P. M. Oliver, Jean Holt, M. P. C., Edith Gifford, Sarah Rodney, Annie L. Jack, Laura A. Sawyer, Hattie M. Nawn, Mrs. C. F. Spencer, Mrs. G. H. Guthrie, Elizabeth Légaré, Mrs. C. W. Wade, Mary D. Abbey, J. E. Baker, Mrs. A. D. Bedford, Mrs. L. A. Tuxill, Miss Anna H. Yeaman.

One suggestion sent in by each of the above "Women of Ideas" wins the sum of five dollars, as offered in previous numbers of the magazine.

The four suggestions following are perhaps the most amusing of the large number of Ideas sent in: "Raising Skunks for a Living," "Influencing People by Mental Suggestion to Give One Money," "Women as Barbers," "Foreseeing Events for a Remuneration." The editors were inclined, in fact, to turn the quartet over to the humorous department.

WOMEN AS GUIDES IN THE WILDS OF GOTHAM.

I WONDER if there is a persevering city woman with a comfortable home and a spare room or two, or without these, who would like to add to her store of spending money; if so, I think I can suggest a way.

Did you ever realize that there are a great many country people, as well as those in large and small towns, who would like to go to your city on a shopping and sight-seeing tour? The expense of stopping at a large hotel is a discouraging item, and, more than all, they don't know the way about the city; don't know where to look for bargains; and altogether it seems like such an undertaking to the average woman that she stays at home—I know this to be a fact.

If a woman has some accommodating friends or relatives in the city to invite her there to visit and be shown about, she is indeed lucky. But when she goes home and describes the sights she saw and exhibits her bargains, there are sure to be others who covet the same experience. Without friends a woman stranger in a large city is miserable indeed.

If some one could suggest the name of a refined woman who would meet strangers on their arrival, furnish them with lodging and meals, and escort them wherever they desired to go, don't you think it would be a fine arrangement for them, and not a disagreeable employment for the woman of refinement, who, we will suppose, is yourself?

Visitors would probably wish to go to the theatre and other places of amusement in the evening; but

they would pay all expenses, and you would charge a certain sum for every hour spent in their service, or so much for a day or evening. This, of course, would be in addition to their board and lodging, if you furnished that in your own home.

If you have not the home in which to accommodate them, perhaps you know of one where their entertainment would be a desirable source of profit. On failing in this, you could make a list of well-ordered boarding houses and quiet, moderate-priced hotels, and escort your patrons to one of these, where the proprietors would give you a commission. You could then give all your attention to the chaperoning, which would probably be the wiser plan, unless you should happen to have a spare room on your hands and a mother, sister, or maid to attend to the home part of the business.

In some cases parties might come for a single day's shopping, and, with a well-informed person to show them just where to go, they could accomplish as much as strangers would in several days.

You might also be asked to purchase goods for your patrons when they could not come in person to select; they would pay you for your trouble, and the merchants would give you a commission on your sales.

Many a country or village mother would like to send her daughters to town for an outing if a responsible person could be found to chaperon them and to direct them in their shopping expeditions.

Often a woman is called to the city on business and is at her wit's end to know how she is to get around to the best advantage in a strange place. She generally has to depend upon an acquaintance, who, most likely, must neglect his or her own business to be polite to her; and any fair-minded woman would rather pay a stranger than ask the favor.

In order to bring yourself to the notice of those needing a guide, it would be well to advertise in the magazines which circulate freely in the country, and in newspapers published in towns fifty or one hundred or more miles from your city, particularly in any town in which you chance to have acquaintances, as you are then provided with resident references.

Another way to advertise would be to get the names of pastors of churches in nearby towns, and send them cards setting forth your capabilities, and giving your own pastor's name for reference, as well as other well known names.

Cards in the various railway stations would also prove beneficial, as well as in the principal hotels.

Make your cards explicit, and deal them out generously wherever there is a chance of bringing patronage.

A. M. CARPENTER.

The above suggestion, "Women as Guides in the Wilds of Gotham," although not in a new field, is much needed, as the following incident which came to the notice of the editors a few weeks ago testifies.

A Western woman who had never been East was ordered by her physician to travel awhile. Always a hard worker, she had overtaxed her nerves, and when she expressed a wish to visit New York City, the wish was coupled with a fear of the bustle and confusion of the city streets, which would unnerve her. Some one suggested a guide, and the Iowa woman was delighted to think she could hire some responsible person who would pilot her about. But where to get a guide? No one could think of any place to apply except to the Young Women's Christian Association. An application was dispatched, explaining the situation. Several mails later brought a short note stating that a guide would be supplied at any time, etc., and ending with the information that "it will not be necessary to meet the train; you may come direct to the Association, taking a car from the ferry." This information was not calculated to inspire the Iowa woman with confidence in her visit, and she demurred about starting. Fortunately a new-made acquaintance volunteered to see that she reached the Association building in safety. This was ac-

complished, only to find that there was no guide awaiting her; in fact, her application had not, after a number of days, reached the department it should have gone to at first. After a tedious wait, a guide was supplied; not an accomplished guide, however, but a woman who was used to office work and at the moment out of employment. And yet the Westerner was willing to pay well to be shown the important sights in a four days' visit. The arrangement in this case "happened" to be quite satisfactory once it was made, but the Westerner wished herself well out of New York many times before her "guide" took possession of her.

A WOMAN OF TACT.

AT a certain summer resort there is a select hotel which has for years turned many guests away from its doors. The house itself is always "full" from early summer to late fall, and the numerous cottages belonging to the proprietor are never vacant. It has been for years a very popular place for young people, and young men are never wanting, as in the usual Northern coast resort. It has been noised about in outside circles that the popularity of the hotel is due to one main cause—the presence there of a family of five attractive boys and young men who have occupied one of the cottages for many years. The writer has heard it said that the oldest sons were the hotel proprietor's "stock in trade," for they were happy, healthy, jolly fellows who made people feel at home, and who could be counted upon to make things "go."

The presence of a bright, attractive woman is needed in every resort hotel, to make the new arrivals acquainted with others, to explain the beauties of the place, etc. This position needs a woman of rare tact and perspicacity, for she must know at a glance whether the stranger wishes to keep entirely aloof from others or would like to make acquaintances. For a woman who is naturally fond of strangers this suggestion must open a pleasant field of profit if she can prove her worth to the proprietor of the hotel. If she can suggest and manage entertainments, so much the better. She should, however, always retain her character as a guest, and not reveal her identity as a hired assistant.

A MAGAZINE AND MUSIC EXCHANGE.

EVERYBODY likes to look at and to read first-class magazines, but the number of good ones has increased so rapidly that it is impossible for many people to subscribe for the number they wish or have time to read. There should be, therefore, splendid opportunities in establishing periodical exchanges, or what might be termed "periodical clearing houses." This idea contemplates the formation of clubs or associations, each subscriber contributing a moderate sum for the privilege of exchanging his periodicals for those subscribed for by others, and the establishment of a central point for the convenience of this exchange. It would be essential to adopt the library plan; that is, periodicals to be retained only a stated length of time. The exchange of sheet music would also work very well upon this plan. The promoter of a business of this kind would find it very pleasant and profitable, and it offers the very great advantage of requiring little or no capital to establish it. The scheme need not necessarily mean the relinquishment of ownership of the periodicals, etc., by the members, but simply loaning them to the association in order to procure others to read.

MRS. G. H. GUTHRIE.